

# The Arena

*A Twentieth Century Review of Opinion*

VOL. XXXI }  
No. 4 }

APRIL, 1904

{ 25c. MONTHLY  
{ \$2.50 YEARLY

B. O. FLOWER: EDITOR

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# The Arena

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VOL. XXXI

APRIL, 1904

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## MUNICIPAL CONSTRUCTION *VERSUS* THE CONTRACT SYSTEM.

**I**N undertaking to point out the advantages of the municipal construction of all public works, over the commonly accepted practice of letting these works to the lowest responsible bidder, I am well aware that I am advocating a policy directly in conflict with the actual practice of the great majority of American cities. I am also aware that, while the theory of municipal construction, as opposed to the contract system, is unanswered and unanswerable, the actual results of its attempted application have not in every instance sustained the correctness of the theory. But the failure and final overthrow of every Republic, which is recorded in the history of the world, did not deter our illustrious ancestors from again attempting to found a government which derives "all its just powers from the consent of the governed," or rob them of the belief that a government can be successfully maintained and operated in the interest of the whole people and not for the benefit of a favored few.

When the proposition is finally accepted that municipal governments are incapable of doing every class of public work cheaper and better than it can be done by letting the work to private contractors, then the failure of municipal government is conceded, and the inability of the people to govern themselves finally established.

An intelligent discussion of this question cannot be had without first determining, in a measure at least, what are the proper functions of municipal government.

As our federal government was originally organized, sovereignty

was assumed to reside in the several states—counties and municipalities were considered as mere branches or arms of the state government, with no power or authority to do anything except what they are expressly authorized, or permitted to do by the state; and the federal government, itself a government of delegated powers, was limited and restricted in its functions by the federal constitution.

The absolute, unequivocal and unrestricted power of the state government over counties and municipalities is everywhere admitted.

When our Federal and State Governments were organized, the existence of a modern city was unthought of, and consequently all its proper functions were unknown. Who could have imagined, at the time of the adoption of the federal constitution, that within a little more than one hundred years the city of New York would have within its corporate limits more human beings than were then in all of the thirteen Colonies? Can it be possible, if such a condition could have been foreseen, that no provision would have been made for the self-government of this great city; that is, in all matters of purely a local nature?

The city of New York has a population of a little less than the remainder of the state, and yet its local affairs are largely controlled by men who do not live within its limits, and laws are made for their government which a majority of the people do not approve and do not want. The conditions existing in that city represent, in a greater or less degree, the condition of almost every city in the United States of more than 100,000 inhabitants.

It will not do to assume that all the duties of government have been discharged when life, liberty and property have been protected from the predatory depredations of the midnight prowler, the highway bandit, or the hereditary monarch. There are other menaces to the property, life, liberty and happiness of the people which it is as much the duty of government to provide against, as those of a more open and flagrant character.

Suppose, for instance, that in the early history of a great city, an individual or corporation obtained control of the only possible



supply of water for the inhabitants of that city, and that when the city grew to several times its former population, for some cause—satisfactory to themselves—the owners of the water supply should refuse to allow the inhabitants of the city to have water at any price, or should fix such a rate as would compel the people to pay four and five times as much as was reasonable, or that the water supply should become contaminated with typhoid-fever germs and no effort should be made to purify the supply, can there be any doubt as to the proper functions of government in such a case? And yet, under our municipal system of government, the inhabitants of that city would be compelled to do without water, or pay the price asked, or suffer from the typhoid contamination, until the legislature of the state could meet and authorize the city to issue the bonds to pay for, and then have conferred upon it the power to own and operate, a water plant to supply its citizens with water.

Suppose, again, certain combinations of men and capital should band themselves together, not for the purpose of playing the part of ordinary highwaymen, but for the purpose of owning and controlling the supply and means of transportation for the coal that is necessary to keep the people of one or more of the great cities of our country from freezing to death, and should either refuse to allow any coal to be mined, or brought to those cities in the dead of winter, or should exact the payment of bankrupt prices for this coal; can there be any doubt as to the proper functions of government under conditions of that kind? And yet, in the opinion of many great and good (?) men, neither the federal, state nor municipal governments have any power or authority in any way to protect the people against the depredations of these public enemies, not to call them by any harsher term.

Suppose, again, that certain combinations or unions of individuals should be formed, whereby they agree neither to labor themselves nor allow anyone else to labor, unless they unite themselves with the organization to which they themselves belong; can there be any doubt as to the duties of the government in all such cases to protect every individual in his right to contract and be contracted with in all legitimate matters affecting his individual actions and conduct?

These instances are cited merely for the purpose of calling attention to what are, and what are not, the legitimate and proper functions of government; they are purely questions of fact, about which no hard and fast rule of law can be laid down; as they are dependent in every case, upon the peculiar conditions surrounding the city, the state or the nation at the time. In other words, it is a question of economy, or expediency, rather than a question of law, as to what are the proper functions of government under given conditions.

Municipal, or private ownership of public utilities, and municipal construction, or the letting of public works by contract, is, in every instance, a question of expediency, dependent upon the peculiar conditions which present themselves at the time the question is to be settled.

In other words, if the municipal or state government is, itself, under the domination and control of political bosses; and is not in fact, as well as in name, a government of, for and by the people, then municipal ownership or municipal construction, if attempted, is foreordained to failure; but if the government is itself in honest and fairly competent hands, it then becomes a question purely of extraneous conditions as to the advisability of undertaking the work.

If water, gas and electricity are being supplied to a city at a reasonable price, sufficient to pay a good dividend upon the actual cost of the plant and no more, which is rarely, if ever, the case; and if the managers of these quasi-public corporations understand the relation which they sustain to the public and their duties thereto, which is even more seldom the case; and if, when public improvements are to be made and contracts let, there is, in fact, as well as in name, competitive bidding, and not an agreement in advance amongst bidders to divide the public work to be done, which is usually the case; then, under such conditions, there is no necessity for public ownership of these utilities or municipal construction of public works. As none of these latter conditions exist, however, except in rare and exceptional cases, public ownership of all quasi-public corporations, and the municipal construction of all public improvements, offers the only possible solution of troubles arising from the private ownership of public utilities, and the combinations

which are almost invariably formed to prevent the free, honest and open competition necessary to secure the best results from the contract system of letting public works.

I have referred to the municipal ownership of public utilities in connection with municipal construction of public works for the purpose of emphasizing the fact that governments are instituted for the purpose of securing the greatest good to the greatest number, and for showing that the rights of the whole people are always paramount to those of the individual.

Whenever, therefore, it becomes apparent that the parties engaged in street paving, for instance, have combined, or formed a trust, to practically control the paving industry, and fix a price that forces the several cities of the country to pay exorbitant and unreasonable prices for paving their streets, the time has come for municipalities to organize their own forces and build their own streets, even though it be temporarily at a greater cost than it could be done by private contract.

When, however, conditions arise, which make it necessary, or advisable, for a municipality to abandon the contract system and commence the construction of sewers or the building of streets, it should proceed upon well recognized lines, and prepare itself to do the work economically. The necessary plant should be acquired, a competent superintendent employed and placed in charge of the mechanical construction of the work under the carefully prepared plans and specifications of a competent engineering department, entirely separate and distinct from the construction department. In this way, responsibility for failures could be fixed and the highest efficiency obtained.

The, to my mind, insuperable objection against the contract system lies in the fact that, in most states, the law expressly requires that all contracts shall be let to the lowest responsible bidder, and then the law proceeds to define "the lowest responsible bidder" as any one who can give bond for the faithful performance of his contract.

That bonds, however carefully drawn, are wholly inadequate to secure the prompt, faithful and satisfactory compliance with con-

tracts, is a proposition too well understood and appreciated by all men who have ever had any experience in the enforcement of contracts to require any elucidation at my hands.

Even in states, or in the charters of cities where this is not the express law, there exists a public sentiment almost as inexorable in its demands as a specific statute, that contracts shall be let "to the lowest bidder" and the public official who dares to apply the same business rules in the letting of contracts for public business that he would unhesitatingly apply in his own private matters, knows when he does so that he takes his political life in his hands and subjects himself to the slanders and vituperation of every ward politician whom he may have in any way offended, and every sensational newspaper scribbler who may be in need of copy for unoccupied space. For some unaccountable reason, immediately upon his induction into office, the people seem to lose all confidence in a public official, become suspicious of his every act, and upon the slightest provocation, without investigation, are willing to join in the hue and cry of fraud and corruption in office, no matter by whom started. It is this lack of confidence, on the part of the public, that forces many good officials to do that which their better judgment does not approve; and especially is this true in the matter of letting contracts for public work.

There are, in the very nature of things, but three classes of contractors who can bid upon the public works.

The first, and unfortunately the most limited class, is the "honest contractor" who bids upon public work just as he does upon work to be let by the private individual, trusting upon his well-known and well-earned reputation for honesty, integrity and promptness, to enable him to secure a reasonable amount of work at a fairly remunerative profit, after allowing for the usual and unknown contingencies which must necessarily enter into every class of contract work, no matter how thoroughly the contracts may have been studied and estimates made.

The second class may be designated as the "adventurer" or irresponsible bidder, who bids largely at haphazard, but always low enough to secure the business, trusting to good fortune and the

inattention of city officials to let him get through with the contract in some form, and if loss must come, fully conscious of the fact that someone other than himself—either the public or his bondsman—will be the sufferer.

And the third class is known as the "boodler," who secures his contracts through "political pull" and inside information as to how the specifications will be construed, and inspections made when the contract comes to be executed, and whose bid is always low enough to take the contract from the "honest contractor," and at the same time provide for city officials and their clerks through whom valuable information is supposed to leak.

With only these three classes of bidders, how is it possible for the city to obtain value received for the work let under the contract system where the contract must be awarded to "the lowest responsible bidder"?

And how many public officials can you find who are willing to bear the storm of newspaper criticism, and trumped-up public indignation in order to follow his own judgment and award the contract to a higher bidder, even if he has the legal right to do so?

The result is that the public work under "the lowest bidder" rule must be let either to the "adventurer" or the "crook" while "the taxpayer pays the freight."

To such an extent has this gone, and so well understood is it that the honest contractor has little or no chance when it comes to bidding upon public work, that a man or firm which is known to be engaged in the business of securing public contracts soon comes to be looked upon as little short of a criminal, and his methods of doing business regarded with suspicion by all classes of business men.

The contract system has done more to corrupt public officials, and lower the standard of official integrity, than any other one cause, save the granting of franchises to quasi-public corporations, which leads all other inducements to official crookedness.

The whole theory of letting contracts to the lowest bidder is founded upon the assumption that the public official is either incompetent or corrupt, and the average official if not incompetent



or corrupt, is often only too willing to shift the responsibility of properly informing himself as to what is really best for the city, and accepting that character of work which the "adventurer" or the "crook" may give under the lowest bid.

The only possible remedy for this condition of affairs under the contract system is to do away altogether with the rule requiring the acceptance of the "lowest bidder," and placing public officials upon their honor, and imposing upon them the responsibility of doing what is best for the city, and then holding them to a strict accountability for the results accomplished.

If this be too radical and dangerous a step to take, the only other possible escape from the dangers and absurdities of the contract system is to require the municipality itself to do all work of a public character and have a responsible head or superintendent for each department of public work whose position is given to him during good behavior, or so long as the results of his management show him to be entitled to public confidence.

Of course, mistakes will be made. No government ever has been, or ever will be, found perfect or free from defects; but if the responsibility is placed upon public officials, and they are made to understand that their administration of public affairs will be judged by the results actually accomplished, the chances are that the best possible results will be accomplished, and the most efficient administration possible of public affairs obtained.

Such a system will educate the masses of the people in governmental affairs, will make them take and feel an interest in the administration of their local governments, and in the end do more to prevent corruption in office and elevate the tone of official life than anything that can be done.

I respectfully submit, and most earnestly insist that the municipal construction of all works of purely a public character, that are in and of themselves necessary monopolies, is not "socialism," nor is it "municipal trading" as those terms are used and understood in modern sociological discussions. This country is not yet ready for the advent of socialism, nor is municipal trading yet necessary for the protection of the poorer classes. I sincerely trust that such

expedients may never become necessary in this land. And if the masses of the people but remain true to themselves and the institutions under which they live these conditions never can arise.

It must not be forgotten, however, that municipal governments are largely business organizations in which the people are stockholders and city officials directors, chosen for the time being to look after and manage their affairs for the best interest of all; that the only real necessity for the organization of a municipal government at all, is to enable the people as a whole and in their aggregate capacity to do that which as individuals they could not accomplish, and which is necessary and best for the public welfare. And whenever a municipal government ceases or fails to perform these functions the real reason for its existence is gone, it soon becomes an engine of oppression, and a mere machine for the distribution of public plunder.

As a practical illustration of what can and has been done by a city which does all of its public work in the way of street sprinkling, cleaning and repairing, building new streets, lighting its streets, parks, and all public buildings, and furnishing its citizens with water; I desire to give a brief summary of what has been accomplished by the city of Nashville, Tennessee, along these lines during the past twenty years.

In 1883, the letting of contracts under the old system by city officials to relatives, friends, and confederates, and the appointment to public offices of ward politicians, had reached such proportions and had become so objectionable that a popular uprising of the people demanded a change in the city charter taking away from the mayor and members of the City Council these powers and vesting in a Board of Public Works the power to make all contracts, inaugurate and supervise all public improvements, and making them generally responsible for the city's finances and the control of the public business. The duties of the City Council were confined almost exclusively to legislative functions, and the mayor given general supervision over all, with his actual power very much limited and restricted. In this latter respect, however, the power and duty of the mayor have since been largely increased, but the practical

administration of the business of the city still remains with the Board of Public Works composed of three members elected by the people for six years, one member being elected every two years.

Under this system of municipal government the city of Nashville owns, operates and maintains its water-works system, furnishes the city free of cost to the general taxpayers all water used for sprinkling 196 miles of streets twelve months in the year whenever needed; all water used by public buildings and charitable institutions; all water used for extinguishing fires; pays the interest on that portion of the bonded indebtedness of the city created for constructing the water works plant; provides all necessary funds for extending the system, and then leaves a neat surplus every year to be turned into the general fund of the city. This department of the city government has never become seriously involved in politics, one superintendent remaining in charge for nineteen years and then retiring to accept a similar position with a privately-owned water company in a neighboring city, at a salary under a contract for three years at double what the city of Nashville had been paying him. His successor has been in charge of the city plant for four years, and I feel sure that I cast no reflection on our former superintendent when I say that the present management of the water-works plant has shown more gratifying results than were ever achieved by any former superintendent.

The water works were first built by the city of Nashville in 1834, and there has never been a time when any respectable portion of the people would have seriously considered for a moment the sale of this plant to a private corporation. The rates charged by the city for water to private consumers are:

Minimum rate, for 1,350 cubic feet or less, \$2.00 per quarter.

From 1,350 to 960,000 cubic feet, from fifteen to six cents per 100 cubic feet per quarter, according to quantity used.

Comparing the rates charged for water in Nashville with the cities of Memphis, Louisville, San Francisco, Indianapolis and New Orleans, in all of which cities the water-works plants are owned by private companies, the minimum rates charged metered consumers are as follows:

Memphis, per month.....	\$2.00
Louisville, per month.....	3.00
San Francisco, per month.....	1.90
Indianapolis, per month.....	1.35
New Orleans, per month.....	1.05
Nashville, per month.....	.66½

## STREET DEPARTMENT.

The next largest, most important, and possibly most difficult department of municipal work to successfully manage free from the partisan control and manipulation of ward politics is the Street Department.

This department of our municipal work has been under the supervision and control of the same man for the past twenty-four years. I refer to this fact as an evidence of the possibility, and at the same time the necessity, of keeping ward politics out of every department of the city government where efficient results are expected to be accomplished.

The engineering work for this department is entirely separate and distinct, and the parties in charge of this branch of the city's work are directly responsible to the Board of Public Works, as is the superintendent of the street department.

The city maintains such a plant of steam crushers, steam rollers, carts, wagons, teams, tools, and men as can be kept constantly employed at some public work all the year, whenever any work can be done, and during the busy season hires such additional teams and men as may be deemed advisable. In this way the city is placed in a perfectly independent position, and can practically dictate the price it will pay for teams and labor. The city authorities, however, have never hesitated and at nearly all times have actually paid more for labor than was being paid by private contractors for the same character of labor, and in this way the very best labor is secured and the best results accomplished. The city always pays promptly and in cash, and can always obtain the very best service.

## BITULITHIC PAVING.

Two years ago the city authorities decided to try the construction of bitulithic pavement, under the Warren Brothers Company patents. When the first contract was made, it included an option to purchase a plant and continue the laying of this pavement under municipal control. When that trial contract was completed the city authorities and the public generally were so well pleased with this pavement, that the purchase of the plant at a cost of about \$10,000 was immediately made and the construction of this pavement has been proceeded with under municipal control, and at very much less cost to the city than any contract I have heard of being made by any city where the work is being done under contract with the company which lays this patent pavement. While this pavement is being laid under the supervision of the expert representatives of the Warren Brothers Company, and in accordance with instructions furnished from its laboratory from the daily samples sent them for analysis and tests, the guarantee which the contractor is always required to make and for which the city must pay, is saved in addition to the profit which the contractor must make and the unexpected contingencies which he must provide for if he continues in business. All this is saved for the benefit of the whole public instead of going into the pockets of the private contractor.

## STREET SPRINKLING DEPARTMENT.

In no department of our municipal work has its advantages over the contract system been so strikingly demonstrated as in the sprinkling of our streets.

During the year 1893, the sprinkling of the streets was done by contract at a cost of \$24,269.90 for sprinkling fifty miles of streets, some of which were sprinkled once, some twice, and some three times per day, or a total of 130 sprinkling miles. This work was very unsatisfactory to the public, especially during the first five months of the year.

For the year 1894, this work was again done by contract, there



being no competitive bidding, and the contract was awarded for \$18,042.50.

For the year 1895, the contract was again awarded to the same firm for the sum of \$12,287.76 with a small increase in the number of sprinkling miles. For this year's contract there were competitive bidders which accounts for decrease in price to some extent.

During this year the city authorities decided to do this work under municipal authority instead of by contract, but were unable to secure the equipment until about March 1, 1896, the old contractors continuing to do the work during January and February of that year.

The total cost to the city for sprinkling its streets for the year 1896, was \$18,745.12, including the purchase of thirteen new sprinkling wagons, five old ones purchased from the former contractors, and all the teams, harness and other equipment necessary for this work.

For 1897, the superintendent now in charge of this department of municipal work was selected and the cost to the city was \$10,235.82.

For the year 1898, the total cost of this department to the city was \$9,059.37, and included about ten miles of additional territory.

For the year 1899, the total cost was \$13,044.45, and included a further ten-mile increase in sprinkling territory.

For the year 1900, the total cost was \$13,060, which included the purchase of six new wagons.

For the year 1901, the total expenditures were \$12,059.15.

For the year 1902, this department cost the city \$14,098.78, including the purchase of ten mules.

At different times the amount of territory sprinkled has been increased from 130 miles in 1893, to 197½ miles in 1903, while for the year 1893, it cost \$24,269.90, and for the year 1902, \$14,098.78, and the city owns wagons and mules and harness, all of which have been paid for out of the expenses of the department since the city took charge. The greatest amount expended in any one year by the city was the first year that the city undertook the work, which was \$18,745.12, or \$5,524.78 less than the cost the first year under the contract system.

The average annual cost to the city for sprinkling 130 miles of street under the contract system for three years was \$16,200.06, while the average annual cost under the present plan for seven years has been \$12,900.38, out of which the city has paid for and now owns its entire sprinkling equipment necessary for the operation of this department.

During the years 1893, 1894, 1895 and 1896, when the contract system was in force, the wages paid day laborers was \$1.00 per day; while from 1897 to 1902, inclusive, the time covered by municipal work in this department, the rate paid was \$1.25 per day.

#### ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

I desire to notice the result of the first year's operation of the Municipal Electric Light Plant built by the city, in contrast with the last year's cost of lighting the city by contract.

The total cost for lighting the city under the contract system had for several years been about \$49,000 per annum, which did not include the lighting of the State Capitol and grounds or the parks; and the actual cash paid by the city for lighting its streets and public buildings for the year 1901, was \$47,302.75. This gave to the city 382 arc electric lights of an estimated capacity of 2,000 candle-power, the outages and inefficiencies upon which kept the city officials in a constant broil with the company on the one hand, and the citizens on the other. It gave to the city 539 gas lights with common tip burners, operated on a moonlight schedule, and furnished all necessary lights for the public buildings.

On October 1, 1902, the city accepted from the contractors its newly-constructed electric-light plant at a cost of \$140,063.73, which included the cost of the building-site and of the building, and took charge of lighting the streets and public buildings, commencing with 527 arc and 1,271 incandescent lights, and continuing the use of the gas lights in some sections of the city where the electric wires had not been extended, but cutting off all contract electric lights the first night. From the date of acceptance until January 1, 1903, additions to this plant were made at a cost of

\$13,916.93, making the total cost up to the latter date \$153,980.66.

The successful operation of this plant has continued without accident or interruption from the day it was accepted by the municipal authorities, and we now have in operation 630 arc and 1,961 incandescent lights, 330 of the latter being of 60 candle-power, and the total load carried being equal to 822 arc lamps.

The actual cost of operating this plant for twelve months has been \$35,162.96, which includes interest on bonds, betterment, repairs, etc., and everything properly chargeable to operating expenses except depreciation, for which an allowance should, of course, be made. These figures include the lighting of the State Capitol building and grounds and the parks.

This plant does no commercial business, and is confined strictly to public lighting, but after the city had finally decided to construct this plant, the private company, which was then charging its customers eighteen cents per kilowatt, before the foundations for the city's plant were completed voluntarily reduced its price to private consumers from eighteen to twelve cents per kilowatt, and contracts are now being made with the private company for a term of years at five cents per kilowatt.

The total expense of operating the municipal plant from October 1, 1902, to October 1, 1903, was \$35,162.96. Had the light now being furnished to the city been supplied by the private company under the contract in force at the time the city took charge of its own lighting it would have cost the city, on a basis of the present load equal to 822 arc lights, \$69,870, or \$22,567.25 per year more than the city was paying in 1901, before it built its plant, and \$34,707.04 more than it now costs.

The city of Nashville can well afford to supply all users of light and power at not exceeding six cents per kilowatt and provide for all expenses and contingencies, the extension and improvement of the plant to meet the growing demands of the city, and a sinking fund for the retirement of the indebtedness created for the construction of the plant. The actual cost to the city for producing electricity during the past twelve months has been 2.65 cents per kilowatt.

In the face of such highly satisfactory and practical results as these, I can see no good reason why every city should not, just as fast as circumstances and conditions will permit, take charge of the building, cleaning and repairing of its streets and sewers, so essential to the preservation of the public health. And why this should not be followed by the municipality furnishing to its citizens at the lowest price and upon the most satisfactory terms possible water, light, telephone, telegraph and street-car service. These utilities are now practical necessities and natural monopolies in every well-regulated up-to-date city, and while I would not even suggest the effort to acquire all of these utilities at any one time, their gradual acquisition and ultimate control should be commenced by every municipal organization which has the welfare of the public at heart. Through a properly organized and well managed system of municipal construction wherever it can be used all these results can ultimately be accomplished, the public welfare served, and the municipal government improved.

The conflict between the contract system and the private ownership of public utilities on the one side, and municipal construction and governmental ownership of all natural monopolies on the other, is irrepressible and must be fought to a finish with but one result possible in the end,—a complete vindication of the right, the duty and the ability of the people to govern themselves.

JAMES M. HEAD.

*Nashville, Tennessee.*

## THE WAR IN THE EAST AND ITS POSSIBLE COMPLICATIONS.

THE war between Japan and Russia makes it pertinent to inquire how far the conflagration will be likely to spread. And in order that our inquiry may have practical value we must not give free rein to the imagination, but must rather confine ourselves to those relations which rest upon a substantial basis and to those motives which usually control international action.

There has been much speculation as to the attitude which China will assume. The conclusion reached depends upon what facts the emphasis is thrown. It is undoubtedly true that a certain bitterness was engendered by the China-Japanese war, and that had hostilities broken out between Japan and Russia immediately after the close of said war China would no doubt have been strongly impelled to unite with the latter nation for purposes of revenge. The assistance which Russia rendered to China at the close of said war would have formed a sufficient basis for an alliance between them.

But it is equally true that a series of important events during the period of almost a decade which has elapsed since the close of the China-Japanese war furnish ample basis for the conclusion that Chinese sympathy for Russia and hatred of Japan have undergone a very marked modification. The action of Russia in demanding a lease of Port Arthur and *adjacent territory* as a reward for championing the doctrine of the territorial integrity of China could not fail to produce a deep impression upon the Chinese mind. This impression was deepened by the action of Russia's allies in her "labor of love." Following close upon the heels of this came the *temporary* occupation of the whole of Manchuria by Russia, the treaty providing for the evacuation, and the dishonorable breach of said treaty by Russia.

These events have forced upon China the conviction that Russian love for her is not so disinterested as it once seemed and that if



Russia is ever induced to release her hold upon Manchuria it will only be by the application of force. She is also convinced that acting alone she cannot apply a sufficient amount of force. She is furthermore convinced that if Russia is permitted to steal Manchuria with impunity there is no adequate guarantee that Russian advance will halt at the Southern boundary of Manchuria. A desire for self-preservation, which, with nations as with individuals, is no mean force in determining conduct, must therefore impel China to look with disfavor upon the triumph of Russia in the struggle with Japan.

The recent ratification by China of her treaty with the United States, opening Mukden and Antung to the trade of the world, is excellent evidence of her changed attitude towards Russia. For, as Russia strongly opposed the ratification of this treaty, it is evident that neither the love nor the fear of Russia is as great at Peking as it once was. Hence, it is fair to conclude that China now feels at liberty to act along the line of greatest advantage, even though such action should displease Russia.

As it is clear that the Japanese policy is far less injurious to China than is the Russian, both in its territorial and commercial aspects, it is practically certain that China will not ally herself with Russia but will either remain neutral or cast her lot with Japan. Her attitude during the early part of the war will be one of neutrality. To use a familiar figure of speech, she will wait until she sees which way the "cat is going to jump." And should Japan prove to be no match for Russia, Chinese neutrality will continue to the end. But this is not likely to occur. Japan may be safely counted upon to win important victories at the start, both on sea and land. The opportunity then offered will be one which it will be difficult, if not impossible, for China to resist.

Nor would the assistance of China be a negligible quantity. There are a number of Chinese regiments organized and drilled by Japanese officers which would give a very good account of themselves upon the field of battle. What the Chinese warrior lacks is not endurance or amenability to discipline, but organizing ability. With this deficiency supplied by Japanese officers he will no doubt

become an effective fighting machine. The Chinese position, flanking as it does the Russian line of communications for thousands of miles, will enable her to cut that line at will, unless Russia uses a considerable portion of her entire fighting force in protecting it. There is another way in which China could render very effective aid to Japan, viz: by furnishing provisions for the Japanese fighting force. This would not be a heavy burden upon China and would be of inestimable assistance to Japan, particularly if her navy does not succeed in forcing the Russian navy into a general engagement so as to make itself master of the sea.

But should China ally herself with Japan as her interests would undoubtedly impel her to do, would that force other nations into the struggle? In other words, would it precipitate a general war? This question must be considered from two standpoints: (1) that of treaty obligations and (2) that of friendship and interests.

The treaty of alliance between Russia and France binds each of them to come to the assistance of the other provided either of them is attacked by two powers. But is China a power within the provision of this treaty? This depends upon whether we interpret the treaty according to the letter thereof or in accordance with its spirit.

There is little room for doubt but that the parties to the treaty had in mind first-class powers in the European sense of the term; and that by them China was not considered a first-class power any more than is Corea. Hence, if France should not see fit to join Russia as an offset to Chinese assistance to Japan, Russia could not rightfully charge her with bad faith or a breach of treaty obligations any more than Japan could hold England obligated to take part if perchance Corea should cast her lot with Russia. Treaties, like other contracts, must be interpreted in accordance with the reasonable intention of the parties thereto. And it is most unlikely that Russia would insist upon a literal interpretation of the treaty, and ask France to join her as that would bring England into the conflict and thus leave Russia in a worse position than before. For, certain it is that England with her superior navy would be a more powerful factor in the struggle than would France.

If, then, France is not bound by treaty obligations to interfere, is

she so bound by ties of friendship and interest? This question also must be answered in the negative. The ardor of French affection for Russia has dampened very perceptibly within the past few years. Since the Fashoda incident the French have been rapidly coming to see that Russian affection for France is bounded by the line of Russian interests; that the advantages accruing to France from the alliance with Russia have by no means been equal to the disadvantages. A striking evidence of this fact is the recent treaty between France and England, and her rapprochement with Italy. Cordial relations with these two, together with the fact that the Triple Alliance is moribund, render a continuance of the Dual Alliance no longer indispensable to France. She is therefore free to follow the line of greatest advantage in the present crisis in the Far East. That neutrality would be this line of greatest advantage, as surely as it is the line of the least resistance, is evident when we consider that the opposite course would subject her navy to a clash with that of England which would mean almost certain defeat and would place her again at the mercy of Germany. Such a risk is out of all proportion to what France could reasonably hope to gain.

With France remaining neutral there is almost no likelihood that either England, Germany or the United States would become parties to the struggle; because, in common with France they have far more to gain by simply watching the proceedings. It is therefore unlikely that the war will become general, unless Russia should crush Japan and then, elated by her victory, so trample under foot the treaty rights of other nations that their self-respect would compel them to resort to force.

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## SHOULD MR. ROOSEVELT BE NOMINATED?

THE question whether Mr. Roosevelt should be nominated for President by the Republican National Convention next summer is not entirely clear, and it is proposed to make a few suggestions upon the subject.

The Presidency of the United States is the greatest elective office in the world, and the proper execution of its duties requires a great deal of ability, much experience in public affairs, and rare discretion. Deliberation, reason and conscience should control the opinions, and direct the action of the incumbent of that office. In such a position hasty and inconsiderate measures and personal and political idiosyncracies are entirely out of place.

For several years past Mr. Roosevelt has been acting in the role of lecturer, adviser and exhorter of the people of the United States upon various questions of education, politics and morals. In this peculiar role he has manifested a disposition to indulge in strictures more or less severe upon those who do not agree with him. This fact has perhaps increased the disposition, and it certainly has not diminished the right to inquire by what warrant he adds the function of a national censor to the duties of the office of President. And perhaps it has led to a closer scrutiny of his acts and sayings and a fuller investigation of his fitness for the great office for which he so strenuously seeks a nomination. It is the declaration of Divine wisdom that "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." And the humblest citizen of the republic is the equal of the highest officer in the right to form and express his opinion,—a right which Mr. Roosevelt has at times seemed to deny.

Another peculiarity of Mr. Roosevelt is his method of dealing with historical facts. The Duke of Wellington said of Sir Robert Peel: "Of all men I ever knew he had the greatest regard for truth." This was one of the highest compliments that could be paid to a statesman. For truth is not only one of the cardinal virtues, but

in its most comprehensive sense is essential to the existence and preservation of the family, of society and of government. Mr. Roosevelt in his public addresses last year sometimes took occasion to impress upon his countrymen the value of this primal virtue, and he did it well. But, unfortunately, like Ophelia's "ungodly pastors," he sometimes "recks not his own reed."

In his speech in San Francisco, last May, he informed the people that Mr. McKinley was opposed to the war with Spain till it became "inevitable." The inevitable is something that cannot be avoided. It is as uncontrollable as fate, to which, according to ancient ideas, even the gods must submit. It is very convenient for politicians and others to cover up the crimes of rulers and nations with the word *inevitable*, or *fate*, or *destiny*, by which they mean the same thing. Mr. Roosevelt's excuse for Mr. McKinley's change of front in the eleventh hour on the Spanish war question is not unusual even with good speakers and writers. We give below some extracts from one of these writers who candidly avows what is really covered up in Mr. Roosevelt's word "inevitable."

This writer says: "True, our own nation was founded on a protest against the insolence of established power. The fathers sought asylum at barren Plymouth Rock that they might reverse the relation of Might and Right. But the same old seed was in them. The instant that they found that killing Indians and taking their lands was easy and profitable they went at it. We have made short shrift of the removal of a once mighty race. And our appetite for blood is whetted keen. Now it is being sated in the Philippines. But that feast cannot last forever. When the fate of poor Lo has been duplicated in the fate of the last intractable Philippine progress will turn elsewhere; its Juggernaut will find more bones to crush. The weaker races of the American continent may look out indeed. Yes, all world-history is a warning to them to prepare for the inevitable. It is hard, but it is fate."

The foregoing extract is an elucidation of Mr. Roosevelt's word "inevitable." It is the doctrine of the filibuster, the pirate, the robber and the murderer. It has been repeatedly shown in THE ARENA and elsewhere that our war upon Spain was wrong, and



might easily have been avoided. Mr. McKinley weakly yielded to politicians and speculators, and to the ignorant and foolish popular clamor for war, and became in the end, as some recent writer truly says, "The responsible author" of that war.

Mr. Roosevelt's *inevitable* as a justification of the war with Spain is utterly worthless. It was inevitable as any great crime which individuals or the rulers of a nation deliberately commit is inevitable, and not otherwise, and the nature of this crime is made plain by the above quotation. In a speech at Junction City, Kansas, on May 2, 1903, Mr. Roosevelt called the Philippine war "One of the most difficult and one of the most righteous contests ever waged by any civilized nation." He had previously held that that war was "The aftermath of the Spanish war." Necessarily, the aftermath, or second crop, is of the same nature as the first, and the Spanish war being *unrighteous* the Philippine war could not be righteous; and as a matter of fact was exactly the contrary.

On the third day of April, 1903, at Waukesha, Wis., Mr. Roosevelt said that "If we are to be true to our past, we must steadfastly keep these two positions: To submit to no injury by the strong nor inflict any injury on the weak." In order "to be true to our past," we are *not* "to *inflict any injury on the weak.*" Now the fact is that we have been inflicting injuries on the weak in nearly all our wars for ninety years. We have had no foreign war since the last one with Great Britain in which we were not the aggressors on the rights of the weak. The first one, our war upon Mexico, was always held by nearly all the great leaders of the Whig, and the Republican parties, and by many Democrats to be unjust, and the opinion of General Grant, in his *Memoirs*, that it was "One of the most unjust wars ever waged by a strong nation against a weak one," far outweighs the opinion of Col. Roosevelt.

Enough has been said above about our last two foreign wars, the Spanish and the Philippine. As to our Indian wars since the last British war: A commission of nine competent men who were appointed by President Grant in 1869 to examine all matters pertaining to Indian affairs, reported that: "The history of the Government connections with the Indians is a shameful record of

broken treaties and unfulfilled promises. The history of the border white man's connection with the Indians is a sickening record of murder, outrage, robbery and wrongs committed by the former as the rule, and of occasional savage outbreaks and unspeakably barbarous deeds of retaliation by the latter as the exception." The testimony of some of our highest and most reliable civil and military officers confirms this report.

Other instances of the President's peculiar way of dealing with historical facts might be given, but the subject is not a pleasant one to dwell upon and may be dismissed with a brief quotation from a very high authority: "Thou therefore which teachest another teachest thou not thyself?"

Another peculiarity of Mr. Roosevelt is his low estimate of the value of life. He has been a killer from his youth. Some of his admirers claim for him some wonderful exploits in that line among beasts and birds. And in his book, *Louisiana and the North-west*, he boasts that, while ranching in what he calls "The happy hunting grounds of the Little Missouri," "I myself killed every kind of game encountered by Lewis and Clarke." This indiscriminate slaughter of God's creatures for sport, and as an exhibition of deadly skill naturally hardens the heart, and develops the instinct for blood till human life itself is esteemed of little worth by the habitual killer. The author of *The Century of Sir Thomas More* says truly that "Man is not sufficiently civilized to gaze upon blood; in him, as in the lion, it awakens a sanguinary thirst"; and General Lew. Wallace, in the *Prince of India*, says that "The delight in killing, more than anything else, proves man to be the most ferocious of brutes." So strongly was this taste for destruction developed in Mr. Roosevelt that while we were still at peace with Spain, according to the repeated statement of Ex-Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Long, this gentleman, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, wanted to hunt up and destroy the Spanish fleet.

It was perfectly natural that such a man should rush with hot haste into the war with Spain, ignoring all questions of right or wrong, and that he should claim great glory for his exploits therein. His boasting of his exploits in killing brings to mind an inscription

of Tiglath Pileser, the organizer of the Assyrian empire: "In the country of the Hittites he boasts of having slain four wild bulls, strong and fierce . . . on the banks of the Khabour he had killed ten large wild buffaloes, and taken four alive. . . . The lions which he had destroyed in various journeys he estimated at 920. All these successes he ascribes to the powerful protection of Nin and Neigal [his gods]. . . . This religious spirit pervades the whole inscription." He also boasts of his barbarity in killing human beings. Both the Assyrian and the American seem to have been animated in their killing exploits by the same "religious spirit." The former was a good prototype of the latter.

In his speech at San Francisco, on the thirteenth of May last, Mr. Roosevelt had considerable to say in favor of establishing a "Peaceful Domination" of the Pacific ocean.

Among other things, he said: "We must keep on building and maintaining a thoroughly efficient navy, with plenty of the best and most formidable ships, with an ample supply of officers and men trained in the most thorough way to the best possible performance of their duty. Only thus can we assume our position in the world at large and in particular our position here on the Pacific."

Domination means dominion, rule, control, mastery, lordship, sovereignty. In the light of the two sentences above quoted the speaker evidently means to "*assume*" control of that great ocean by a great and "thoroughly efficient navy," against the world. For it is a long and well settled rule of international law that "The ocean is common to all mankind and may be successively used by all as they have occasion."\* And "A state which should openly violate, or permit its subjects to violate, the well-established and generally-received maxims of law would not only lose its standing among nations, but would provoke universal reprobation and hostility."† Nearly all of the great powers of the world have important commercial interests on and around the Pacific ocean, and no one of them will ever be permitted by the others to control it. *Peaceful* domination by any of them is an impossibility. Any serious attempt to "*assume*" domination, by any of them, would be

\*Sir Sherston Baker.

† *Ibid.*

almost sure to lead to a destructive war, and to the defeat of the nation that provoked it.

Considering the history of Mr. Roosevelt for the last six years, his unfortunate speeches, and his jingoish proclivities it does not seem prudent to nominate him for another term. The command of the army and navy for four years more might tempt him to abuse his power, and to involve his country in the misery and guilt of an aggressive and destructive war.

There are other men both in the East and in the West whose nomination would be better for the country and better for the party. In the West, Senator Warren, of Wyoming, has been suggested. Mr. Warren is an able man, of long and successful experience in the affairs of his state, and of remarkable facility in acquiring information upon any business or political question. He understands, better than Mr. Roosevelt, at least two of the greatest interests of the country, irrigation and finance. He is not at all "faddy," and has too much practical common sense to get the country into any more foolish and wasteful wars. Most of the states west of the Mississippi river are deeply interested in the early irrigation of their arid lands. To them it means an addition of millions to their population, and untold wealth. If it be true, as is stated, that the dissatisfaction with Roosevelt in the East and Middle West is increasing, and the States that are so deeply interested in irrigation would unite upon Warren he might be nominated.

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## THE DIVINE FOREHEAD-MARK.

"Go set a mark on the forehead of the men who sigh and cry on account of the abominations done."—*Ezekiel*.

AS A matter of literary and historic fact, most scholars are aware that in the evolution of human intelligence, conscience, ethical vision, and the slowly perfected powers of national eloquence and expression, no greater height of marvelous poetic beauty and apparently miraculous intuition has ever been attained than in several of the Hebraic prophets and poets. The able and penetrant critic, Francis Grierson, says:

"Some words have souls, some have spirit, and some only form. The Hebrew prophets possessed the *soul* of language. This language was, and still is, a medium for the invocation of the untold and inscrutable Forces of Time and Eternity. The character and tone of the seers agree, from the greatest to the smallest. Things described, laws laid down, might have been rendered by a seer or a philosopher of yesterday, so modern is the applicability of the visions, examples, maxims."

Among these great mystics, whose vivid picturesqueness, ethical passion, and suggestive intellectual powers "make Greek and Roman seem like attenuated imitation," and forever astound humanity by their vital wisdom and sublimity, Ezekiel takes front rank. He opens his impassioned and eloquent appeal for higher national conscience and nobler political and social purity by words and figures that have rung with thrilling power through ages, and excited the widest interest and conjecture among metaphysicians and ethicists as to the exact bearing of some of the allegoric metaphors he employs to prefigure and retain his inspirations till evolving centuries should unfold the meaning. Some of these grow easier to divine in the light of modern scientific discovery and social experience.

At the outset of his invocation to the audience of ages, he declares that in his sad exile among alien captors of his body the Divine

Creator of his "unconquerable soul" came to him by the river of his captivity and unrolled a vision of Heaven, a system of celestial cosmic order.

Long before our modern science had discovered the nebular system and the mechanism of a heaven revolving upon centripetal gravity, Ezekiel declared how the Creator parted the skies before his vision and revealed a system of "wheels within wheels." In this far-back antiquity of abstract intuition and spiritual vision, the author of life and light seems to have unfolded to him, in a pictorial figure, the grand progression, balance and distribution of forces and forms in their astronomical and industrial bearings.

By aid of luminous artistic symbols we are introduced into the very principles of dynamics and correlated celestial motion; principles which, as I have tried to show in my book, *The Gate Beautiful*, are alike present and pregnant not merely in physics and ethics, but in all esthetic form-reasoning and composition. The progression of force and form from mathematical concepts of Unity, Duality and Multiplicity; or metaphysical concepts of Centrality, Balance and Variety; or dynamic concepts of Cohesion, Rhythm and Diffusion; and (as in the opening human hand) artistic distribution of lines from right, round, to radiate relation, reveals a progress from the angular tension of "straight" lines to the graceful curvature of "circular," and then the "starry" correlation or co-ordination of many—as implied in the prophet's vision. For he describes how etheric impulse appeared to him first in the form of a "strong wind" with movements that were "*straight forward*, turning neither to right or left"; the nebulous heat as a cloud "of fire," spirally "folding upon itself" (as the "vortex" concept of atomic movement of to-day suggests); then (ideal biological beauty appearing in "the likeness of a man," and cosmic intellect and observation in the likeness of "four faces" addressed to the four winds, fanned by "four wings" of inspiration and progression) lo! the last grand adjustment of "wheels within wheels" appears to him, as correlated Revolution and Radiation. This is the solar system as we now know it to be, and the whole seems to prefigure the scientific axiom of nebular motion, that, if one body be impelled through space, it goes straight



till deflected by a second; then of the two associate movements or divisions of a body, the tendency of the stronger is to establish orbital movement over the second, as our earth over our moon; and, finally, of several fragments or multiplied bodies, the "wheel within wheel" arrangement for harmonic adjustment arrives, such as has arrived evidently for our sun and planets and associate satellites.

Now, it is interesting and impressive to see, through the prophet's eyes, some of the latter forecasts and implications of his vision, as equally maturing to-day. He suggests the Creator's direct sympathy and identity with His human children by "the spirit" that appeared to him assuming the "likeness of a man," which yet implied to man his intellectual unity with all intelligence and life, above and below, by putting beside the human faces, the faces (intelligences) of beasts of the field, birds of the air, and cherubim of heaven. And he expressly emphasizes that Immanence of Deity in all creation by repeating the assurance that the divine "Spirit was in the living creatures" and "in the wheels" (or mechanics of motion); yet that the machine did not dominate the living creatures nor the creative "Spirit"; but *per contra*, "whither the Spirit went, they went, and the wheels were lifted up beside them. When those went, these went, and when those stood, these stood." And this should seem to us very significant, that it is not the "machinery" of life that should dominate life, but life should dominate and dictate to its machinery. To-day men are crushing out themselves, their lives, and best interests by worshiping "the machine" and making it ride down humanity and the soul's destiny like a diabolical Juggernaut.

He shows us that over all were the twice-double "wings" of Inspiration, and beneath were the human "hands" of artistic execution, while above was the pure "firmament" or divine birth-chamber, "like a terrible crystal"; and the richly-colored rainbow of esthetic feeling was there ("a bow as in a day of rain"); and they all went forward together "as a burning fire like the appearance of torches" or agents of illumination. Surely a sublime and brilliant picture-poem of the march onward of Life, Light, Form, Color, Feeling, Inspiration, Education and the Executive Arts!

As we read we find the prophet (as a typical human soul) was then not merely illuminated and overwhelmed by the Divine Spirit, but enabled to "stand" upon his "feet" and "go forward fearlessly" to his mission, though "thorns and briers and scorpions" beset his path. And he was empowered by the Spirit of God to "eat the rolled book" of the revelation (or absorb it into his life) proving "in my mouth sweet as honey." And he was assured that though the world's corrupt heart was hard, yet "the forehead" of God's servant should be made harder ("as adamant harder than flint") to overcome the world, that it might know at last a true "prophet was among them" and they might "repent and hear." He confesses he went forth, "in bitterness and heat of spirit" (as "the hand of the Lord was strong upon me") and with the dread words of responsibility ringing in his ears for the souls he was to warn of vengeance coming, which should make their "gold an unclean thing, unable to deliver them; their soul also unsatisfied and their beauty a prey to strangers."

And now the scene changes. He is lifted by the Spirit to mid-air to the "gates" of the great "Temple of God," and shown how the elders and priests have "portrayed a secret" on the sacred wall, "every form of creeping thing and beast, and worship the sun toward the east, saying, 'The Lord sees us not, He has forsaken the earth.'"

Here we seem to have clearly premonitioned the late pathetic tendency of agnosticism in church and school, which Tolstoi excoriates as "the scientific scientists," "science for science's self," for mere private mental gymnastics and cerebral iridescence, without their heart being vitally touched and without essential reverence or faith in the Divine Life. By them every biological insect and reptile and animal is portrayed, and the lower natural light from Eastern classics revered, but the actual presence and sympathy of God in human affairs is ignored. Their cry has been, "We do n't know anything about Him. If he exists, He does n't practically enter this planet nor concern Himself with our affairs. We do as we please, and each must fight for himself. We therefore worship

ourselves, our knowledge, our ownings, and our blest forebears, and put them in His place."

This materialistic idolatry, still so prevalent and impiously degrading, and which is the fertile father of so much gross selfishness and cruel commercialism, has evidently no kinship (either in the divine or the prophetic mind) with that higher, truer power and more devout evolution figured in the preceding picture, where, through unfolding and resplendent orders of progressive Life and Force and Form, the prophet was shown the *included* lives of bird, beast, man and angel, up to and under the shadowing wings of all-pervading Deity.

Hence Ezekiel speaks of these misled and misleading materialists as "Every one dark in the chambers of imagery" (that is, spiritually sightless in those wonderful inner halls of the temple of life, Adoration and Imagination, where the realest realities should dwell, and not the chimeras).

But now once more the Vision and Divine Voice calls up "executioners" (the sacred "hands") of his will; and among them true Literature, an inspired "writer with an inkhorn," who is commanded to go forth and "mark upon the forehead (of intellect) the men that sigh and cry for all the abominations done," (the ethical, philosophical, social, industrial and political crimes committed) "because the land is full of blood and wresting of judgment"; and the divine executioners of vengeance shall spare the men who have the divine "forehead-mark"; but the reverential "writer" is seen to enter the holy circle of the "wheels within wheels," and the divine "hand" to extend to him coals of sacred inspiration and persuasion. He is told that the essential "law shall perish from the priest (the nominal church), and wisdom's "counsel shall perish from the ancients" (the legislative leaders), and "the king" (or civil executive center) "shall mourn and be desolate," and "the worst heathen possess the cities"; for his own personal brethren have said, "Get you far from the Lord," while "the leaders have filled the city with slain, have gotten dishonest gain, exercised robbery, and vexed the poor and needy." These victims of social misleadership are they who might have lived and labored mercifully

and righteously, but have been misled, prevented and destroyed.

Have we here no ringing warning against our similar mercenary and cruel misleaders in modern law and industry? Do we not hear daily the same brutal and accursed orations for blood and rapine; for wars of aggression, oppression and speculation? Do not the nominal social or industrial "king," legal "counselor" or sycophantish "priest" together plot, with callous unconcern, over the starved, frozen, overworked, dying women and little children, in mines, sweat-shops and factories? And are we not eye witnesses of their shooting down and of the fierce lynchings of child-like national wards, and of atrocious murders done on the children of Israel in Europe?

Therefore Ezekiel heard (as we must hear) "the word of the Lord against the false prophets" and misleaders, "who have built with untempered mortar, vain walls that shall fall" in the day of test and material strain. What a modern touch of grim satire he gives the picture where he tells how the church-going citizens chatter idly about proper attendance on their dilettante clergy, saying, "Let us hear, but do not" what they say, because they speak "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant [esthetic] voice, and can play well on an instrument" (a machine), "but they hear and do not, for the heart goeth after gain." Therefore saith the Lord: "I am against the shepherds that do feed themselves but not the sheep which wander upon the mountains, a prey to every wild beast, and which eat what ye have trodden down and drink what ye have fouled. I will judge between the fat cattle and lean [the rich and poor] and will bind the broken and strengthen the sick, but the fat and strong I will destroy."

Lastly, he shows clearly that the Almighty is neither cruel ("I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that he should repent and turn"), nor against pure science, pure beauty or true prosperity. For he hears the divine monitor first warn the luxurious, idle, pleasure-seeking women (Ezekiel, 13: 18—22), and then just as strikingly declare the mystery of Cosmic Beauty and the principle that God loves the elements but will not have them loved for themselves. No science for science's sake; no art for

art's sake; no wealth for wealth's sake; but only science, art, beauty, prosperity, for Divine Life's sake, and for nobly developed Humanity and personal character.

"You, my people, were a child, cast among the thorns of life, and I picked you up and washed you, and loved you when the season of love came, and clothed you with embroidery, sealskin, fine linen, silk, bracelets and a chain, earrings and a crown. Thou wast exceeding beautiful. Thy renown went forth for thy beauty, and it was perfect through my might which I had put upon thee. But thou didst trust in thy beauty and didst play the harlot, and sacrifice thy sons and daughters to thy idolatry, and didst pass them through the fire. Thou hast made thy beauty an abomination."

A famous historian of Caesarism and the fall of Rome says: "No physical force can long replace the indispensable internal requirements for the growth of a social body; while on the other hand the right inner conditions inevitably beget the necessary physical strength."

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## THE POEMS OF EMERSON.

### THE SPHINX.

#### III.

"The fiend that man harries  
Is love of the Best."

I HAD thought until a few days ago that Emerson was not apt and happy in the choice of this word "fiend," as I have said. The name is given to a mental principle which is good, and not bad. Why this bad name? I had thought a "fiend" significant in one element of a conception, namely, in persistency. The saints may not always persevere, but the devils always do. They never leave the trail. This virtue in a bad spirit is worthy of imitation. Perhaps this is the only one. This is hardly analogy enough to support the metaphor. Certainly a good spirit and not a bad one is wanted by the context and as a co-worker with the sphinx in proving the new version of the poet in regard to things thought to be evil. My recent light, if it be such, would call the line a paradox, a creature which must be handled kindly and with a good deal of allowance, because it does not mean just what it says. The reader is expected to help out a little.

What had been the faith for centuries of the whole Christian world up to the time when Emerson wrote this poem? Was it not that man had been harried by a fiend? Not called by this name, indeed, but by names which are synonyms, or which are convertible into this name. Satan is Milton's favorite name, and a pretty smart fiend as he paints him.

The "devil" is a name now hardly allowed in polite society, and so rarely heard in cultivated pulpits.

So the maker of this poetry would say by implication, Man has truly been pursued from the first by a "fiend," but a good fiend.

How could "love of the Best" do anything for man without knowledge, and how could knowledge do anything unless wanted by



some principle other than itself? Knowledge of the bad and of something better, then a desire for that better,—these were fatal to contentment in the old situation. The illustrations in the history of man are innumerable. We need only one or two.

Man at first lives upon the spontaneous products of the earth. He learns that by adding his labor these products are increased ten-fold. Does he want the ten-fold enough to pay the price of his labor? That is, has he enough of "love of the Best"? Men differ. Some have more of this power than others. In some nations or peoples the power is small, notably in the North American Indians. In the Irish race it is large. Their "love of the Best" is fast giving them the best. The grandchildren of men who came to America out of wretched hovels in Ireland, have many of them attained to positions of wealth and honor. The negro race has a good endowment of this beneficent "fiend," and it is marching toward the best, or to great ameliorations.

Typhoid prevails in a particular location. What is the cause? The intellect—the sphinx—has asked and answered the question. Bad drainage is the cause, and lo! this "fiend," as "love of the Best," has straightway removed the evil. If, unfortunately, these two powers are inert, then the evil continues. Life in all its forms feels the application or the want of these forces.

"The fiend that man harries  
Is love of the Best;  
Yawns the pit of the Dragon,  
Lit by rays from the Blest."

What of these two last lines? Consciousness proceeds very largely by the contrast of more and less. This primary and fundamental antithesis appears in all mental phenomena. Its climax is seen in the good and bad conditions in which man is leading his life here in nature. The bad is seen to be bad, the good is seen to be good by the spectacle of one set over against the other. Man is often in low and pitiful circumstances, but does not know it. He has not seen anything else. Give him the vision of something better, and, if he has enough "love of the Best," he will seek it. An

amelioration or improvement in some form or several forms will often extend over large areas. One sees while in "the pit of the Dragon," which is the metaphor for the bad condition, that there is something better; and this is the spur to effort for the attainment of that something better in the appearance given by what is here called "rays from the Blest." The terms of the comparison reveal each other, and the effect is often irresistible. Men have gone on in some cases age after age, never feeling this contrast.

"The Lethe of Nature  
Can't trance him again,  
Whose soul sees the perfect,  
Which his eyes seek in vain."

The splendid meanings in these lines we must consider slowly.

"The Lethe of Nature."

Emerson says in the "Essay on Experience":

"Where do we find ourselves? In a series of which we do not know the extremes, and believe that it has none. We wake and find ourselves on a stair; there are stairs below us, which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight. But the Genius which according to the old belief stands at the door by which we enter, and gives us the lethe to drink, that we may tell no tales, mixed the cup too strongly, and we cannot shake off the lethargy now at noonday."

This word "lethe" or its equivalent occurs again in the poem "Bacchus":

"Haste to cure the old despair,—  
Reason in Nature's lotus drenched,  
The memory of ages quenched."

"The Lethe of Nature  
Can't trance him again,  
Whose soul sees the perfect."

And yet the "perfect" is a mirage which leads us on and on, and we never reach it. Emerson says, in the "Essay on Circles":

"The eye is the first circle; the horizon which it forms is the second; and throughout nature this primary figure is repeated without end. It is the highest emblem in the cipher of the world. St. Augustine described the nature of God as a circle whose center was everywhere and its circumference nowhere. We are all our lifetime reading the copious sense of this first of forms. One moral we have already deduced in considering the circular or compensatory character of every human action. Another analogy we shall now trace, that every action admits of being outdone. Our life is an apprenticeship to the truth that around every circle another can be drawn; that there is no end in nature, but every end is a beginning; that there is always another dawn risen on mid-noon, and under every deep a lower deep opens.

"This fact, as far as it symbolizes the moral fact of the Unattainable, the flying Perfect, around which the hands of man can never meet, at once the inspirer and condemner of every success, may conveniently serve us to connect many illustrations of human power in every department."

I have made this quotation from Emerson himself as given in another writing, in order that we may reset the gem contained in the lines above, which, perhaps, it is well to repeat. We would set it well, and so surround it with this collection of pertinent thoughts.

"The Lethe of Nature  
Can't trance him again,  
Whose soul sees the perfect."

It is no failure of the law that the "perfect" is a "flying perfect" and is unattainable. The awakening power of the vision is the same. If the "perfect" flies, we follow it. That insures the soul movement, up and onward forevermore. This is another law of the soul. This law is native to the soul. It is a part of it. It is not an importation; it does not come from without. It makes a good instrument for the "fiend," and the virtue of persistency in the old and literal fiend is well borrowed for the new conception. The vision awakens us and keeps us awake, as against the stupefying draught, the "Lethe of Nature," the "lotus" in the other poem, "Bacchus." The awakening power in "Bacchus" is given under

the metaphor of wine, but "celestial" wine, not natural wine, and it means something for the mind, and not a physical stimulant.

It is now time to say that we are in esthetic rather than intellectual phenomena. We have reached emotion, something quite different from thought. This is where we find beauty and love. They are not in the intellect. The sphinx cannot give them, and so cannot give the contingent needed in the complex forces for amelioration as against "these pictures of time" described without remedy by the sphinx. The intellect—the sphinx—lights up the ground, shows conditions and contrasts. But the intellect does not care for either good or bad. Its function is only to see and know. The "fiend," however, let us say the good fiend, does care. "Things come to value," says Lotze, "only in feeling."

The phrase "love of the Best," must be expanded so as to take in much more meaning than strict construction will allow these words. And yet the expansion is legitimate. What an army of thoughts come with "the Best"! There is no end to the constituent elements entering into this vast but somewhat vague generalization. A world of emotional determinations stand over against it as a complex correspondent or correlative. Certainly beauty as well as good is in the "best"—even thought also.

The fiend has swallowed the sphinx and now unites the two estates. It is the first example of consolidation. The economies and the added momentum all enure to the benefit of the man-child.

By "love" in the above lines we may mean man's whole emotional esthetic nature as it stands in relation to the good, to the beautiful, and to truth, which is more particularly the contribution of the sphinx or the intellect. So the plot thickens. Man has now a subjective savior, born in him and of him. The vast departure suggested by this view shows how far away Emerson had shot and flown from all his fellows as to the great problem of man's "redemption." The problem lay alike in philosophy and in theology. It was fit that this poem should be first in his volume. No imported saviors, Emerson would say. In every soul is a Garden of Eden, and amid abundant fruits and flowers is that precious plant called "self-heal," and it is given freely to all, and their limitations as to its

reception lie with themselves. This last clause, of course, is subject to a metaphysics so large and fine that it cannot be given in full in this paper.

We now come to another line in our verse:

"The Lethe of Nature  
Can't trance him again,  
Whose soul sees the perfect,  
Which his eyes seek in vain."

The other line is this last line. The soul sees a great deal more than the eyes see. The soul sees the perfect—what for the time is the perfect. Where do we get our models? Everything made was once a thought, was a pattern seen by the soul. Then art builds it, or paints it, or carves it according to the pattern. The story of the pattern on the Mount, given to Moses for the building of the tabernacle, is a very beautiful allegory, if we may use it as such, and has good analogies bringing it into our common experiences. If by "on the Mount" we may mean periods of great and blessed exaltation when as it were, we are alone with God and the intellect and the heart are at *their best*, then come bright and fair ideals or patterns and these are for art, for thought, for character, for life, in short. We cannot enumerate all the applications of the figure. These ideals are "the perfect" seen by the soul before ever they are seen by the eyes. Poets, artists, prophets, dwell a great deal amid these ideals. What an inspiration they are to the struggle for excellence, for their counterparts in real, concrete forms! Poor, indeed, is the soul which sees nothing of its own. "Where there is no vision, the people perish." What but death is a body without a soul, and what but partial death is the extinction of all spiritual life, and in the degree of this extinction?

We speak of this inward seeing and of its objects as the ideal world or the world of the imagination. The organ or organization for such seeing we sometimes call the eye of the mind. Its objects are often only pictures of things we have seen, but with some constructive power we are given combinations of old elements into new forms, and these are what "never was on sea or land" and answer

to "the poet's dream." Life wants a little of this, even in its most prosy details. It softens labor into play. It paints rough things with the glamor of romance. "Man is one world and hath another to attend him." This comes to people in common and frequently hard conditions. This was the consolation of Hermione and of the Arab lover. The south wind,

"River and rose and crag and bird,  
Frost and sun and eldest night,"

said to them,

"The chains of kind  
The distant bind."

They were far apart; they would never meet again; and yet in "beautiful castles" they were together. They could build themselves a world of their own and defy space and time. The homesickness attendant on conditions far away from these ideal residences often prompts the subject to efforts and striving for a home in good, in love, in beauty, with the dim perception that they belong to him. They are felicities and beatitudes from which he is in exile. Emerson touches this phase of experience in his "Ode on Beauty":

"Say, when in lapsed ages  
Thee knew I of old?  
Or what was the service  
For which I was sold?  
When first my eyes saw thee,  
I found me thy thrall,  
By magical drawings,  
Sweet tyrant of all!  
I drank at thy fountain  
False waters of thirst;  
Thou intimate stranger,  
Thou latest and first!"

Music has the magic power to give this experience. "Away! Away!" said Richter to music. "Thou speakest of things which in all my endless life I have not found and shall not find." What did



Richter mean but beautiful ideals, seen in the mind but nowhere in the objective world—those forms of the “flying Perfect,” always the beckonings, the promises, gleaming and glancing afar off, the subjects of forever “unanswered yearnings”?

But these delicate phenomena are of use. Many a man and woman owe their impulse to seek the best in life to a motif so obscure that they can hardly tell what it is, but they know it is strong and even imperative.

But when we behold the best, as given in the vision, in the pattern on the Mount, why does the fiend still pursue us? Because the best will not remain the best. Another ideal has arisen; a larger circle has formed itself around what just before was the largest circle. The Perfect has winged itself away into new horizons. The mirage is still on. The best is not here. This is not heaven, and away hastens the exorbitant dreamer after the new and the last attraction. Why does the soul yield itself up to this “divine discontent”? Let us say because it *is* a “divine discontent.” It is a call to come up higher, because the soul is infinite, and no ascension will ever remain the best, but only a better leading up to a best which retreats like the physical horizon. How could either hold its place, since both alike are a part of us?

And so we come to another verse in the same line of thought:

“To vision profounder,  
Man’s spirit must dive;  
His aye-rolling orb  
At no goal will arrive;  
The heavens that now draw him  
With sweetness untold,  
Once found,—for new heavens  
He spurneth the old.”

This verse, it will easily be seen, is in the interest of the same conception celebrated in the previous verse, namely, the “flying Perfect” or “love of the Best.”

“To vision profounder,  
Man’s spirit must dive,”

would indicate the demand for a constantly retreating intellectual boundary, a larger intuition and observation, new knowledge forever added to the old, and never enough, and a movement upward in character also. This was never so true as to-day. What a wonderful legacy the century now closed has bequeathed to the century just begun! Knowledge is cumulative for man, from a principle we shall soon consider. Like a falling body, each increment gained brings momentum to intellectual forces. The gain of the past enlarges the gaining power of the present and of the future. It is not extravagant to say that the total of the twentieth century will be ten times as great as that of the nineteenth century, and we are bewildered when we think of the wonders in amelioration along a hundred lines which a hundred years more will accomplish for us. This awful "fiend" of "love of the Best" will increase its hunger upon new food and lash man on and on from a best which soon is discovered to be only a better, only an improvement upon its predecessor. Indeed, there is no best, no final circle. "What is this immortal demand for more which belongs to our constitution, this enormous ideal? There is no such critic and beggar as this terrible soul."

"To vision profounder,  
Man's spirit must dive."

In the poem as published in the edition of 1847 these lines were read:

"Profounder, profounder,  
Man's spirit must dive."

One might ask, Profounder in what? In love or in thought? The present formula confines the quality to thought by means of the word "vision," and improves the line in elegance by leaving out a redundant "profounder."

"His aye-rolling orb  
At no goal will arrive."

In the above-mentioned first edition a grave inadvertency was committed thus:

"To his aye-rolling *orbit*  
No goal will arrive."

Now it is not the orbit that rolls. The orbit is only the track in which some object moves along. The orb is literally the physical eye, but is a metaphor for the intellect. The circle, which is an implied figure in these words, has no end and so no goal. The figure is more emphatic if we pull the circle into a spiral. That would give the possibility of a sweep outward, and an ascension also, and thus a movement in two directions. "Profounder" would imply a downward movement—a gain in depth. All this is only another expression in the poem,—

"Lifting better up to best."

"The heavens that now draw him  
With sweetness untold,  
Once found,—for new heavens  
He spurneth the old."

Emerson generally uses the word "heaven" as denoting a happy condition and not a place. It has no place in science and especially in the cosmos. It is a conception in what religion would call "faith." It has always held a great position as such. Emerson uses it as a metaphor. It is in this way an ideal having supreme attraction. It is a combination of ideas in which the "best" is realized always, and thus is the last objective and correlative to "love of the Best." But the "best" in this exalted conception of the best is a circle which admits of a larger circle. The fiend is hard to please, and flits from best to best, sipping only a transient sweetness. Like the bee, it exhausts the honey of no flower, but takes a little and is again on the wing for another flower. This is the law, the advancing history of the soul of man. His circle, when attained, is no longer the best if a larger circle is seen around it; because the soul of man is endowed with that dreadful gift of infinity in its capacities and wants, and so the law is "up and onward forevermore." Hence ideals are only ideals for a time, and heavens are only provisional heavens, or resting places for a new

flight. How irksome, indeed, would any goal soon prove to this restless voyager, the soul of man. New heavens soon become old heavens and are left behind. The Delectable Mountains are a sufficient goal and objective until attained, and then these become worthless, because gleams are then given of the Celestial City in the distance. Another heaven, another circle is to be gained; and this does not give sorrow, but joy instead, and we learn at last the meaning of the paradox, that rest is only in motion. We need not say more to locate the meaning of this verse logically under the dominion of the fiend. It illustrates that indefinite, flowing quantity, a "love of the Best." Its unspeakable power to annul what seems bad in those "pictures of time" is another example of good logic in the "answer" of the poet.

A word more in regard to this phrase "new heavens," by which we can express happy conditions not yet attained, but which yet are given in vision as ideals, and often in anticipation neutralize a present good. The "heaven" soon loses the lustre of surprise and becomes tame and commonplace. Hence "divine discontent" and a cry for the future. This is the experience of the boy, glad of the kindergarten but longing for another "grade," then another, and thence another—the high school, the academy, college, a profession, marriage, a house paid for and well furnished, some money in the bank as a resource in time of need, then more money, then office, then higher office, and the gradations of member of congress, a leader in great debates, and president at last, with the discovery, like Alexander, that nothing is so sad as no more worlds, or "heavens" to conquer.

Religion gives us the faith in another series of ascensions, as we say. Not here, alas! is a heaven that will stay a "heaven." But in all this it is still "love of the Best." It is not a vice, this discontent, and it will go with us, we fain could wish, into another life; for heaven before us better than heaven by our side. We can bear a great deal if "heaven" is before us.

*(To be continued.)*

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## NATIONAL SOVEREIGNTY NOT ABSOLUTE.

ON January fifteenth of this year the House Committee on Foreign Affairs at Washington gave a hearing to citizens who asked for the passage of the necessary legislation to authorize the President to invite the nations to be represented at a meeting to establish a regular international Congress. The leading speaker was Robert Treat Paine, president of the American Peace Society; and Dr. Benjamin F. Trueblood, its secretary, Edwin D. Mead, publicist, and others were present to support the plea. They spoke in behalf of the following resolution which was passed unanimously by the Massachusetts legislature in 1903:

“Resolved, that the Congress of the United States be requested to authorize the President of the United States to invite the governments of the world to join in establishing, in whatever way they may judge expedient, an international congress, to meet at stated periods, to deliberate upon questions of common interest to the nations and to make recommendations thereon to the governments.”

National sovereignty seems to be the first obstacle to such a movement to bring the nations together, and it is a fair question how far such sovereignty exists. The ground here taken is that it is not absolute, but is so far qualified that it need not stand in the way of the proposed regular international congress. This resolution proposes a congress of recommendatory powers only. Nations may veto its propositions, as the American colonies retained their sovereignty before the adoption of the constitution. Local sovereignty was paramount then, like national sovereignty to-day. But local sovereignty was found to be a mistaken theory. Is absolute national sovereignty also a mistaken theory to-day? It would seem so, and upon this point certain facts may be presented in order to establish a secure foundation for the world-legislature which is sure to be developed with the progress of mankind in realizing that unity toward which the world is rapidly moving.

What increases the difficulty in this discussion is that no precedent exists in favor of the position to be established. On the contrary, an unbroken line of precedents, from the beginning of history and of unquestioned authority, exists on the other side. The argument, therefore, flies right in the face of the universal experience of mankind. Yet the organic unity of the race is foreseen by an increasing number of men, and the demonstration which is sufficiently clear for the prophetic is being facilitated rapidly by the operation of steam and electricity in bringing the ends of the world together. In due time, as the petitioners for a world-legislature believe, and as they expect the facts will convince doubters, in spite of the unbroken line of precedents, the world will admit that absolute national sovereignty is a relic of a barbaric past and that mankind-sovereignty is the dominant fact in the relations of the nations to each other.

The fact that precedent is in favor of the doctrine of absolute national sovereignty ought not to be finally convincing in view of the forward velocity of progress which to-day, more than ever before, has no mercy for the doubts and timidity of conservatism. Our average American realizes to-day what was not realized in the past by tyrants, dictators, kings, emperors and great moguls, that he who stands in the way of progress will suffer a collision, and that it is not the car of progress which will be overturned.

It is reasonable to say that there can be no such thing as absolute national sovereignty because, outside of any and every nation which may claim to be absolutely sovereign exist organized communities of men over whom it has no sovereignty, over whom it claims no sovereignty, and yet whose mere existence imposes limitations upon that nation. It is recognized in civilized governments that treaties are the supreme law of the land. That is, so far is it from being true that any nation is absolute sovereign in itself, that international law to-day recognizes the supremacy of outside relations over the international policy of any nation. This illustration of the impossibility of absolute sovereignty in any nation would seem sufficient to make the case clear in the mind of any skeptic, and the importance of the demonstration for the unity of



mankind is vital. Whatever party may be in power in any nation, agreements and formal relations established with other nations must be recognized at whatever disregard of the national legislation. To this extent, already, then, has the world advanced in recognizing the limitations upon national sovereignty.

It is because of the very nature of things that nations must recognize their limitations and recognize the supremacy of treaties. The fundamental fact, over which they have no control, is that outside of themselves are other nations, and those other nations will do something to them unless they act in such a way as not to incur the hostility of those nations. Even if a nation supposes that it can act as it pleases inside of its own limits, it finds its mistake if it passes beyond a certain line which the sensibilities or common sense of outside peoples regard as the limit of conduct to be tolerated. Spain in Cuba is a sufficient illustration for the people of this country.

So, when we come to examine the positions already held by civilized nations, it is clear that they practically recognize material encroachments upon the principle of national sovereignty. It seems as if a further clearing up of ideas were the need of the hour, rather than any radical departure, in order to secure assent to a position essential to the successful operation of a world-legislature.

Common conditions imposed upon all nations make their status substantially the same in their relations to each other. Each people exercises a limiting and conditioning influence upon every other people.

It is somewhat with nations as it is with men. Nations are sovereign; men are free. But the recognized limitations upon the free action of men are no more real than the limitations upon the sovereignty of nations. From the savage up to the highest product of civilization, the individual man, who is free will in essence, is yet so limited by circumstances that his freedom is rather a freedom of choice between right and wrong than freedom of choice regarding most of the acts of life.

Now follow this line a little further. Free men, developing to the condition of subjection to enacted law, have recognized their

relations to each other and have become organic communities. Just as truly the nations, organic within themselves, are on their way to organic unity as the whole of mankind, and the attainment of organic unity by any race, or by the people under one government, is warrant and prophecy of the attainment of the organic unity of all mankind.

When that organic unity shall have been attained, then they must have some organic form of expressing their will regarding the inter-relations of their several parts, and thus the world-legislature is sure to come in due time.

What is it which the nations are asked to recognize in world-legislation, as the proposition stands? It is merely the incontestible fact that conditions are over them which they did not create, which are inexorable in their demands for recognition, and whose penalties are inevitable if they are disregarded. (Mankind is one. Will you admit it?) That is the form in which the question comes practically to the nations.

World-relations are not circumstances of human creation. The unity of mankind is not some scheme which certain men had evolved out of their imaginations and are trying to foist upon the world as a machine which promises to work well. Nations are put without their consent in the conditions in which they find themselves. Already they recognize these conditions to a material degree. They seem to go half-way, but, if we can judge by the expressions of some timid men regarding the immediate prospects of world-legislation, they are profoundly unwilling to go the other half of the way and to admit that they are really under conditions which are supreme and in the recognition of which they will find their greatest peace and prosperity. But the refusal to admit the truth does not affect the existence of the truth. Recognition of truth cannot hurt either men or nations. Denial of truth must always hurt both men and nations.

The challenge to the timid and doubtful and incredulous, then, is this: that nations are not sovereign, that they are parts of an organic whole, that recognition of their organic relation is their duty because it is right, and further, that such recognition is for their

unspeakable advantage because it will harmonize them with conditions which are stronger than national power and which must be obeyed in order to secure the highest development, and that the sooner such recognition is made the sooner will come the benefit it will surely bring. If any objector accepts the challenge, he must prove that nations are absolutely sovereign, that mankind is fragmentary and incapable of union, and that perpetual conflict between the nations is the only prospect for all future ages. And that picture is darker than the gloomiest pessimist who holds to the unity of the race has yet painted for the future of mankind.

Now let us pass on to another point,—the readiness of the world for an organization which will recognize formally the sovereignty of all mankind and which will demonstrate practically that nations are not sovereign by themselves, but are only parts of one organic whole. Most pertinent of the many facts which might be cited is the existence of the Concert of Powers of Europe. In the light of formal relations of nations, here is a very singular condition. As far as the outside world is informed, and as far as we have reason to believe, there exists, as the basis of this Concert, no treaty whatever, no formal, or even informal alliance, but only mutual good-will, or recognition of mutual interest in the matters regarding which there is concert of action, and an agreement of judgment upon the policy which is to be pursued. That is, in their relations among themselves as a group having similar relations to outside nations, they recognize the common conditions which are over them all, and they shape their conduct accordingly. Practice under those conditions is steadily at work setting up a line of precedents and shaping the course which will be followed in the future for the internal peace of the group and for its combined strength among the nations as a whole. In a dim and partial way the Concert of Powers is a recognition of the world-constitution, and it foreshadows a wider field of agreements among nations whereby the organic unity of all will be recognized and the prosperity of all will be promoted.

A pertinent illustration of nations acting by a common understanding, without written agreements, is the joint action by the United States, Russia, Germany, England, France and others in

the troubles in China. It will be remembered that during the strain upon British resources in the Boer war, when Great Britain wished to strengthen herself wherever possible, the word "alliance" was used by one of her statesmen in a public speech in reference to relations with the United States, and every effort seemed to be made to promote a cordial understanding between the two nations. The talk of an Anglo-Saxon alliance was much in the minds of public men of both countries.

These illustrations may be reinforced by the list of over thirty international conferences or congresses which have been held since 1815, some of them attended by large groups of nations, and more especially by the establishment of the Hague Court of Arbitration. Unity of action by groups of nations for their common benefit is becoming increasingly frequent. It is found practicable for the nations to act together. They have tried it repeatedly and have succeeded. It is no longer an experiment. Success is established historically and has passed beyond possibility of dispute.

Here, then, is the situation. World-progress has reached the point where it seems almost ready to crystallize around the unity of mankind as the organic principle of existence. The fulness of time seems almost here. Practically, the nations have been acting for years upon the same principle as they would act upon if they formally admitted that their sovereignty was not absolute, but that it was conditioned by, limited by, and subordinate to the sovereignty of mankind. Treaties and alliances, known to ancients and moderns alike, have been attended in recent years by further development until a group of nations acts without written constitution or binding promise upon a policy toward one nation in the case of China, while a Concert of Powers of the great nations of Europe holds the rudder true for a continuous policy regarding whatever matters may transpire involving their common welfare.

Does not this condition demonstrate the existence of higher power than national sovereignty? More than that, does it not show the recognition of that existence by the nations themselves? It would seem as if our statesmen were behind the times in not recognizing what is so evident. World-unity as an accomplished politi-

cal fact seems ready to drop into the hand of the nation which will first pluck it like a ripened fruit and present it to mankind. Already the nations, like a team learning to pull together, have had practice. They would not enter upon their new formal relation without experience, if they should speedily establish genuine world-organization, but they would merely exert further the powers they have already exerted in groups, and they would concede to the entire world only what they have practically conceded to each other in less extended relations. If we only open our eyes, all these things seem clear.

But, nominally, world-sovereignty does not exist. Nominally each nation is absolute sovereign, contradictory as such an idea is with the admitted facts in each nation's existence. This truth brings us face to face, then, with this fact, that the most important condition which can exist on earth for mankind does not yet exist. For the welfare of mankind no condition can be more important than its own existence as an entity. But entity and unity are both denied by the accepted world-doctrine regarding the sovereignty of the nations. We are therefore on a fundamentally wrong basis. This error is not merely theoretical. It is also most vitally practical. It concerns the progress of mankind more than any other political or social truth which has been discovered or which remains to be proclaimed about the human race. For existence itself, as a created unity, must forever be the prime question for humanity. Up to the present moment the nations have denied that existence. They have said that diverse races and nations with absolute sovereignty exist as the ultimate facts in humanity. They assert that those races and absolutely sovereign nations have hostile interests, that what is for the good of one is for the injury of another. Mankind, thus far, has consisted of colliding fragments crashing upon each other for mutual injury and destruction, save as the greater truth, which they do not yet recognize, has counteracted the theory upon which the nations exist as sovereign. But the greater truth,—the supreme truth,—is overcoming the error, and we can already see, evidently in the near future, comparatively, the recognized supremacy of the sovereignty of all mankind as the dominant truth

in the relations of the nations, with national sovereignty relegated to its proper subordinate place.

Sound theory and right practice unite in world-sovereignty. According to the theology which shaped the early development of the United States, whose truth is seen in the vitality of the American principles of government, no person was in his right relation unless he was in harmony with the powers supreme over his personal life. This truth is as applicable to nations and to mankind as it is to persons. Unless nations are in their right relation to the supreme conditions amid which they exist, they will suffer from constant frictions, collisions, loss of progress, disturbance of peace, destruction of wealth, and the ceaseless wastes which accompany a want of harmony with the laws which are supreme over them.

Tentative efforts towards the action of nations by groups shows a dim consciousness that it is time for the nations to admit the existence of these supreme conditions. The historic fact that hitherto the nations have shut their eyes to those conditions has neither removed nor weakened them. They are over each nation to-day, inevitable and inexorable if neglected or defied, but full of beneficence, if obeyed.

Now comes the practical and pertinent question, Who shall take the initiative in the movement for world-organization? It might come from a people acting through a limited monarchy whose legislative branch spoke the will of the most intelligent and the controlling portion of the people, or whose sovereign acted in obedience to popular desire. Possibly it might come from an absolute sovereign who was in himself sufficiently progressive and courageous to take the initial step on his own responsibility. But the most promising place for the initiative is in the greatest republic of the world. The United States is the fittest and most likely place in which a proposition for world-organization would take practical form. We have constant experience with the complete sovereignty of our states in some fields of action, joined with national sovereignty in others. We are not yet an empire. The genius of our institutions forbids it. Instinctively we act constantly upon the correct principle that local justice is best secured through local sovereignty, while in mat-



ters of national concern, national authority, acting through a national executive who enforces laws passed by national representatives elected locally, is best for the security of justice and progress.

We are in practice, therefore, to a larger degree than the people of any other country in the world which can compare at all favorably with ours in size and national prestige, upon the very principles of political organization and action which must be recognized, though in a wider scope, in the organization of the world. Ours is the fitness, then, for the initial step. The United States, in the very nature of the case, has qualifications for contributing to the advancement of mankind more than any other nation on the face of the earth. And ability, the opportunity existing, imposes the duty.

Throughout the succession of events whose culmination will be the formal organization of the world and the recognition of the world-constitution, though unwritten, the United States promises to be the leading nation. Though we did not originate the Hague Court of Arbitration, yet we gave to it the first case it had, and we set the example of making that court a practical force among the nations. Leadership in world-organization is thoroughly in accord with the ambition of our people and in line with our institutions. It is a logical consequence of our daily principles and practice. It would involve unselfish sinking of ourselves in the larger whole, but it would be such an unselfishness as would give us a more noble pride than any narrower course could possibly arouse. World-organization would mark, for all time, the most important epoch in the history of mankind, and that fact alone, whatever the mutations of nations and whatever the degree of world-progress in the numberless centuries to come, would make the name of the United States of America immortal.

R. L. BRIDGMAN.

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## THE HEART SIDE OF DEITY.

**E**ACH new cycle reveals a broader outlook to the discerning mind. The stern and terrible Jehovah of the Jews became the loving Father of the children of men under the teachings of Jesus; but the limitations of human thought long accustomed to worship the letter rather than the spirit, prevented the church from seizing upon and appropriating the heart of the message of the Christ as it relates to the Infinite Father as the all-compassing and all-pervading Light and Love of the world. In the twelfth century Joachim of Flora declared that the gospel of the Father was past; the gospel of the Son was passing; and the gospel of the Spirit was to be. He thus beheld with the prescience of a seer the fact that as the idea of God as an Oriental despot—an angry and implacable Judge—had given place to the worship of Christ as Deity,—a worship which unhappily in his age and generation too often represented Christ as “crowned with thorns and turned to stone,”—so this worship of Christ was destined to give place to the ideal of an all-pervasive Spirit of righteousness and love. But it remained for our own day and generation to apprehend the significance of this lofty concept, notwithstanding the fact that it was so luminously touched upon by the Psalmist, by the prophets, and by Jesus. To-day multitudinous signs point to the fact that we are entering a new cycle—the age of Spirit, wherein we shall understand as never before that God is Spirit, and that Spirit is supreme.

This larger view, this broader and more satisfying concept of Deity, will, I believe, more and more answer the cry of our present age for religion that shall satisfy at once the esthetic, intellectual and soul sides of life. In the light of advancing science and the general diffusion of knowledge, the old creeds and dogmas of Christendom are losing their hold upon the imagination of man. But this falling away of the old beliefs is so gradual that many are but dimly conscious of the extent of the intellectual revolution that is taking place. Furthermore, the going of the old is only to make

way for a larger and more exalted faith. Now as never before we are beginning to see how completely the Universal Life appeals to every side of man's nature. Thus, in the grandeur and the beauty, the rhythm, harmony and melody of the universe, the innate esthetic and artistic cravings are met and satisfied. God everywhere speaks to the beauty-loving side of man's life. He is the Infinite Artist, and all that is needed is to lift one's eyes and behold a universe robed in matchless splendor—a world clad in ineffable beauty.

But man is endowed with reason. He calls for more than the realization of the beautiful and the melodious; and to his reason, lo! the Infinite Manifestation is seen in Wisdom and Truth. Here are law and order, system, precision and the spirit of utility everywhere present. Mighty worlds and systems of worlds are driven through space, obedient to the majesty of Law; and all proclaim the wisdom of the Creator. Or if we turn to earth, we are confronted by the same manifestations of omnipresent Reason and Wisdom, so the rational mind may read its lessons at every turn—read them in the rock strata of the earth and in the phenomena of sky and sea. Every page in nature's volume has its problem; every paragraph its revelation of Truth and Wisdom. But though "the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork," the supreme manifestation of Divinity is found in the answer to the soul's deep cry.

Divine love speaks to the heart, and it is satisfied. It is "the expression as well as the origin of everything good" in the broad domain of ethics. It is the soul's real atmosphere of youth, of pure thoughts, clear eyes and high aspirations. Living in this atmosphere, one would no more seek an unclean or carnal life than the fish would seek the dry, parching sands of the shore. Here one sees the good and the pure in all, because his soul is *en rapport* with the beautiful. Thoroughly established in this thought or mental atmosphere, one radiates health, happiness and success. He who has apprehended the Love side of Divinity, he who knows within himself that Divine Love can meet every need and condition of being, has laid hold upon the secret of life's mastery. To him

youth is perennial. He can carry the flag of his teens to the crest of his century.

The history of human ascent has been brightened at every turn with splendid illustrations of loving self-sacrifice of man for man. A story is told of Cyrus the Great and a captive prince, that beautifully illustrates the divine potency of human love, even when manifested in the most personal way. Among the sturdy and rebellious tribes which at great cost of life and treasure had been brought under subjection by the Medes and Persians, was a mountain clan led by a prince of remarkable sagacity, courage and ability. Later, when Cyrus was engaged in some of his southern wars, this prince revolted, and only after a long-continued struggle, during which some of the favorite officers of the emperor were killed, were the prince, his parents, his bride, and his leading councillors betrayed and captured through a stratagem. Cyrus, furious at the death of so many of his officers, determined to kill the prince, but not until he had miserably destroyed all the captive's people before his eyes, so as to make his suffering as great as possible. The prisoners were brought before the emperor in his hall of state, surrounded by wealth, pomp and splendor. But Cyrus at heart was generous and noble-minded, and when he saw the frank, brave and open countenance of the prince, he relented, and turning to him asked him what he would do to save the lives of his aged parents.

"Anything in my power, even to becoming a loyal slave in your household," replied the son of the mountains.

"And what," said the emperor, "would you do to save the life and honor of your bride?"

"O, mighty King, gladly will I give my life, in any way thou mayest desire to take it, and I will bless thee in dying if her life and honor may be spared."

So moved and impressed was Cyrus by the answer that he exclaimed: "You and all your people shall go free, only swearing allegiance to my government."

As the party joyfully fared forth, the prince turned to his bride and said: "What did you think was the most beautiful thing in the palace of the great King?"

"O, my lord," replied the princess, "I saw nothing save the man who was ready to die for me."

Nothing in history more clearly proves the divine descent of man than the presence of this love which gladly volunteers to give up life with its joys and pleasures that another may live or may have life more abundantly. And it is this supreme self-sacrifice—this voluntary yielding up of life for others—that gives peculiar emphasis and compelling power to the example of Jesus.

In the larger light of the new spiritual age, the life of Jesus appears infinitely radiant. Beautiful was his birth when the heavens and earth proclaimed it together; beautiful was his life, unselfishly given for others; beautiful his teachings, and the Sermon on the Mount will always be the greatest sermon the world has ever heard. But eclipsing all the truths lived and uttered in his life, stands forth the Truth of Truths—his death. And the beauty of his death lies in the fact that he died for others, died to make the world better, to make man and woman happier, and to reveal to their closed vision the dawn of an immortal destiny.

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## THE LIGHT OF LIBERTY.

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

"SURRENDER!"

The command cut the air like a knife. Surrender! Who could understand what that word meant to the man standing like a beast at bay upon the verge of the precipice, sheer, blank wall overlooking the wildest and most turbulent of all Tennessee rivers, the Caney Fork?

Three breathless days and nights he had been chased by the sheriff's posse. Three days and nights through tangles, wild-grape and laurel and cane-brake, throwing the dogs off the scent now and then by taking to the water nights, only to find at daybreak that they had found the trail again; until at last they had chased him back to the river, the bluff, the great sheer precipice, where they held him—*trapped*.

He had run like a deer and doubled like a fox, with the baying in his ears, until he told himself he must hear it forever, that long, resounding, half-jubilant, half-pathetic rise and fall of sound telling of the trail, hot and sure and deadly. He knew the sound. What mountain boy does not? He had heard it many times as he chased the startled doe to cover. He knew what lay at the end of it, always: it was—*death*.

"Surrender!"

The fugitive grasped the bough of sturdy laurel at his side, and cast a quick, inquiring glance at the stream below the bluff. It was green almost to blackness. Farther up it was a boiling white froth where it lashed and tore itself among the sharply jutting rocks. Behind him stood five armed men and two gaunt hounds, with heads hanging, tongues lolling, and great ears touching their thin, fleet legs.

Within ten feet of the fugitive one man stood apart from the rest. It was the sheriff, and he had known this boy he was chasing all



the young fellow's life; known him and loved him as his own, even while he stood holding him covered with his pistol and demanding his surrender. So close was the weapon that the click of the trigger as the officer cocked it sang a startling menace in his ears.

"Come, Jim," said the sheriff, "surrender. I'd hate mightily to have to shoot. Better go peaceable. Will you?"

The man ground his teeth, and,—

"No! by heaven, *never!* Not with *that* (and he glanced again at the deep, dark current) in reach."

He made one short, quick movement toward the bluff's edge, when—*crack!* the sheriff sent a ball singing within an inch of his head.

He halted, groaned, and threw up his hands. There was nothing else to do. While the posse advanced to take him he looked across the stream toward the friendly covert of tangled laurel and wild spruce:

"Ef I c'u'd a-retched *that*," said he, "God hisself could n't a-found me." And with a submission born of utter defeat he extended his wrists for the handcuffs. The click of iron as the lock was clamped announced to the waiting posse that *at last* Jim Hardeman, wanted for the murder of Joe Anderson, had been captured.

He was but a boy. The down was not yet strong upon his lips, and the flesh had not lost the delicate pink of boyhood. The defiance in his eyes was not that of the criminal, careless of the meetings of justice, but more the recklessness of youth, defiant of the ills of fortune and ignorant of the deadliness of despair. Hope was not yet dead in him, and he knew nothing of the fatal helplessness of environment.

"He ain't a bad lot, Jim ain't," the sheriff told two of his men as they rode in the rear of their prisoner down the mountain. "He's bore a good name for bein' clever and obligin' and respectful to his elders, always. A little wild, but not bad, not give to drinkin', and honest as the daylight. He's got a temper like the devil, and that's the very worst of Jim Hardeman. It was that devil of a temper got him into this; and I'm proper sorry for him. I hated like fury to arrest him. But duty air duty, you know."

It was true: Jim was not "bad," albeit a murderer. The story of the murderers who reach the state prison is pretty much the same. "Not a bad lot," the officials will tell you; "a much better class than the larceny and other prisoners." Victims to passion, to drink, whose deed was done when blinded by rage, or by liquor; done in a single moment. A lifetime is too short to undo the moment's work. With imprisonment comes grief, remorse, but not viciousness. They are easily controlled. It is the little thieves who must have the lash. No, Hardeman was not bad. Even in his fatal crime there was a touch of something to be admired.

Consider: humanity must not be considered as a whole. Heredity and environment play equal parts in the great drama, with the weights, if there be weights, about the neck of environment.

Consider: Jim was young; ignorant save in nature's knowledge; wild as the buck he chased upon his native mountains, and as free, loving the great encompassing fastnesses as well; of a class to whom the laws of society, like the civil laws, are well-nigh a dead letter; bred, born and triumphing in the broad, self-assertive creed of the mountaineer, that Honesty is Justice, and Right is Law; and believing himself armed with both, he had, not unnaturally, fallen upon evil. And notwithstanding the fact that "half the mountain" came down to testify as to his "quietness," his "sociableness," and general good character, Jim Hardeman was sentenced *for life*.

It would n't have been half so hard to die, to die and be done with it. It was this lying like a dog in leash, year in, year out, that drove him mad. Nothing to wait for but death; nothing to look forward to but the grave. Yet he kept himself in hand until the time came to tell his wife and boy good-bye. Then he broke down. He was crying when he took her head between his palms and held it against his breast so that she might not see his tears.

"Do n't you fret," said he, essaying the comforter; "do n't you fret now, Zalea," taking the name he had loved to call her by, because, he declared, she "ware more like the pink-and-white azalea blossom when it fills the bluff in springtime than she ware

like mortal maid or woman." "Do n't you fret nor worry. Ef I'd listened ter you-uns I would n't be leavin' you an' little Jim this day. You jest go back home ter yer folks a spell, an' some night, ef ye hear a woodpecker tappin' on the roof, do n't ye be skeered, but jest be ready ter travel. For I ain't give up ter spen' my days in no prison. No, my God! that I ain't!"

He lifted his clenched hands above his head, and shook them heavenward defiantly. When he looked again she was gone, and the sheriff stood at his side, with the manacles, waiting.

"Yer do n't need them," said Jim, doggedly.

"Put your hands out, boy. I do n't intend to let you make me shoot you," said the officer, in a voice that brought Jim's tears to the surface again.

The story of his crime, as it came out at the trial had been a brief one. As he said, had he listened to his wife, things would have been different with him. Zalea was always "up against fire-arms," and had always predicted harm to come from those "caperin's over the mountain for days an' days, with Bob Jeffreys an' Joe Anderson, a-huntin' of deer an' sich."

Indeed, Zalea's opposition to his hunting began to grow tiresome. Her persistence and insistence aroused his temper at last, and engendered that opposition to home slavery which is so fatally irksome to some natures. Rather than have words about it, Jim left home the morning of the tragedy before his wife was awake. He glanced at her lying asleep, the boy's pink cheek resting against her throat, as he passed the bed. How pretty they looked! They might both have passed for children, as they lay with their pink-and-white faces nestled against the coarse, white pillow. He was strongly tempted to kiss the delicate red girl-lips, but a fear of her opposition to his going when his heart was quite set upon it, held him back. "She'd up an' set right down on it," he told himself, "an' then there'd be the very devil to pay, an' the whole day's fun be sp'iled. I'd ruther take the jawin' when I come back." He stooped and touched his lips lightly to the child's tousled hair, and went out softly, closing the cabin door behind him. A smile curved his lips;

a smile that lingered after he had mounted his horse and was galloping across the mountain. He was thinking of the boy. He called him "Daddy" only the night before, and for the *first time*. The happy red slipped along his throat and over his face, until lost in the yellow, boyish hair that curled about his temples. "Daddy!" and to hear it for the first time! The world might hold many sorrows for him; it could never take from him the memory of that exquisite joy.

All the morning the hunters rode, starting nothing. At noon the only trail they had found proved a cold one, and Jeffreys went off into the brush with the dogs to drive, leaving Hardeman and Anderson to stand conveniently near the path usually followed by the deer seeking the salt-licks by the spring below the bluff.

Jim felt vaguely that he ought to go home; but all day he had consoled his conscience with the promise of a deer-skin to make a rug for little Jim. "That 'll tickle Zalea mighty nigh ter death," he told himself. "An' ter go home *now*, an' empty-handed,—*waal*—not ef I can' he'p it."

"Hide and horns to the first drawer of blood" is a custom as ancient as the chase itself. In this instance the question was, who drew first blood? The deer passed Anderson, not before the hounds, but unconscious of danger, tripping easily down to the licks. Anderson did not notice until the buck, suddenly scenting danger, threw up its antlered head, and with an angry snort went scurrying out of Anderson's rifle range, only to be brought down by a ball from Hardeman's, as it rushed blindly upon him. Then had come the dispute. Anderson swore it was his ball that had slain the buck, and Jim, knowing that he lied, claimed the deer's hide as his by right of "first blood."

Then Anderson with an oath declared he lied, "was not better than a thief," and struck him smartly with his bare, brown palm across the cheek.

"Liar" and a blow. One who prefers that charge against a mountaineer is always called upon to "eat" it.

When Jeffreys reached the place, Anderson was lying over against the dead buck with a hole in his breast, and Jim was telling

him it was he who killed him, "'count o' bein' named a liar."

Jeffreys' heart lay like lead in his bosom. Jim Hardeman was his Jonathan, whom he loved with a love surpassing *all* loves.

"Jim," said he, his toe touching the hem of the dead man's trousers leg, "you 'd hang for this. The law ain't furbiddin' men ter be named 'liar' in Tennessee; though I do n't say it ought not ter. You-uns have got a wife an' baby, Jim, an' that skunk down thar (touching the trousers' leg) ain't wuth the sorrowin' o' Zalea an' little Jim. Nobody seen this but ye an' me, Jim, the killin' o' Anderson *ware a accident*."

Strange blood courses through the veins of those mountaineers; strange blood, that slips on, generations upon generations, without change or adulteration. Jim slowly gathered himself erect:

"Naw," said he, "I killed him. He named me 'liar' an' I killed him fur it. Ef I swore it 'accident,' I 'd be just what he named me. I be n't a liar; I won't tell one, not ef I *hang* fur it. I hates a lie like *pisen*. I killed him. I'll make a run fur it, but I won't lie."

Then had followed that wild race for freedom: days of dodging, nights of running, panting, blistered and torn by stone and thorn, with the sound of the hounds baying forever in his ears.

One stolen moment at his home; his young wife's fear and agony; his boy's arms about his neck; the warning tap of Jeffreys upon the shutters; and again the pitiless flight; again the sound of the dogs in hot pursuit; the cool, swift current of the Caney Fork. And at last the sheriff's command to "surrender."

He was almost glad to drop down upon the jail's rude bunk and sleep—sleep without the sound of bloodhounds in his ears.

"A man better be dead than be a runaway," he told himself, recalling the horrible chase as he stripped off his slashed socks, glued to the flesh with blood clotted from the cuts the stones had made upon his body. "Yes, by God," and he lifted his clenched fist and shook it heavenward, "I 'd *ruther* be dead! I 'd *ruther* be dead a *thousand* times as to live through that chase again. Oh, my God! help me! help! h-e-l-p!"

And with a broken wail he dropped upon the prison bed and slept. But even in sleep the chase went on; the thorns still tore,

and the jagged stones cut mercilessly. Once he started up and reached for the gun that he had dropped in the Caney Fork: a dog's muzzle was at his throat. He woke with a groan, the terror in great cold drops upon his brow. The relief of finding himself in jail was so great that he buried his face in the pillow with a sigh of thankfulness. The next moment he burst into sobs for very shame of the sigh.

The trial was not along one, and it was to Jeffreys he owed his life. Jeffreys had brought his wife and boy down, and had told the tale that saved him his neck, and had given him instead the verdict of imprisonment.

*"For the term of your natural life!"*

The judge's voice sounded in his ears like bells tolling the passing of a soul. It would ring there forever, he fancied, as he stood among his fellow-convicts under the black bank of the coal mines under the mountain, not less black than the darkness enshrouding his own future.

A mountaineer could not live six months in the main prison, so they had sent him to the mines.

*"For the—term—of your nat—ural life!"*

The mule's shoes striking the rock-bedded tramway fashioned the words of his sentence, as he sat in the hurrying coal car.

*"For the—term—of your nat—ural life!"*

The rattle of the chain, the rush of coal down the chute, the ring of the blacksmith's hammer repairing his pick, all, *everything*, had but one sound, one meaning to him.

*"For the—term—of your nat—ural life!"*

And he was scant—*twenty-two!*

Why, his grandmother, "still gaily," was staying with Zalea in the cabin; and his great-grandfather had been dead but six months. One hundred and three years old, they said. Why, *he* might live as long! Who could tell? And in that case he would be in prison —, he made the calculation on the wall of the tunnel, by holding his lamp against a block of whitish rock and tracing the figures with the smoke from the burning wick. One hundred and three: one,



naught, three. Subtract twenty-two. Two from three, one; two from naught, eight: eighty-one. Eighty-one years in bondage.

"Great God, I can't!" he cried aloud, his whole soul up in rebellion. He had tried to be kind, obliging, always. Why, Anderson himself, were he alive, would swear how he rode five miles through a blizzard one midnight to fetch the doctor, without whose ministrations Anderson would have died before day.

"I wish he had," he groaned. "I wish to God he had a-died, an' saved all o' this trouble."

They knew his desperate rebellion, and more than once remonstrated with him: its futility, its danger, and its sure means of dragging time out endlessly.

"Yield!" the warden said to him one day, after a bitter outburst. "Submit yourself quietly to fate, and things will seem easier to you, boy."

"Yield?" said he. "Submit! Live and die like a mole rootin' under this hell-pit? *Never!*"

To escape: that was his one dream. He looked for his opportunity as a shipwrecked sailor looks for the morning. To escape! Oh, for the chance of the "trusty" going to the village; for one hour in the smith's shops under the shack; for *one* guard in sight, and all that wilderness of mountain before him. He envied the very *dogs* lying under the guard's shed—*free*. Oh, for one touch of his fingers among the wild azalea bushes crowding the bluff all about the mines. They nodded to him as he passed in sight of them, the sweet, old flowers that bloomed along the mountain path *at home*, and for which his wife was named! They were fading now; they soon would be white and blighted; they had a pallid look,—the same look he had seen upon his girl-wife's face when he kissed her good-bye in jail. She would grow white and blighted too, and shrivelled, and old, and wrinkled before his term would end. Old! why, she would be dead and buried, and his boy would be an old man. It was horrible.

The next day he tried to escape by hiding in the tunnel. Two days they waited for him to come out; then sent the dogs to hunt him. The next week he went over it all again, with the same

result. The third time he attempted it the warden remonstrated.

"Give it up, Jim." His sympathy had always been with the hapless criminal. "Give it up! Surrender! You'd only be captured again if you made it. This old ball of ours ain't big enough to hide a runaway. Give it up, boy. Surrender, and serve it out like a man."

And Jim set his teeth in his lip and answered:

"Never! Give me ten foot start, and I'll make it."

"You'll make your grave, that's what," said the warden. "Better give it up. I'd hate to see you hurt. Think of your wife and child."

"By God," said Jim, "it's because I can think of nothing else that I want to break this cursed dungeon."

The next mail-day brought him a letter from his mother that sent him to his work more gloomy, more hopelessly rebellious than ever.

There had been a rise in the Caney Fork that had washed away the fences; the corn had not been planted half, "hands were so skerce." The young heifer had choked to death in the stall one night, and the steer "broke a leg leaping the milk-sick bars." Zalea was ill "with pining so," but little Jim could walk, "holding to a cheer."

Homesick? Oh, he would barter his soul for one week there, in which to fix them up again; to mend their fences, plant the crops, replenish the stock, comfort his poor, troubled wife, and hold his boy one hour upon his breast.

"God!" He thrust the iron pick with all the strength of his agony into the black, glistening wall. "God! for help!"

The pick crashed into the blackness; the coal cracked, crumbled, fell at his feet with a rattling jubilation, dragging a mass of rock and earth and slate from its foundation. And there, as though the great, round globe had cracked and parted, the tunnel ended, and the blue sky smiled blithely down into his startled face.

Freedom! The pinkish laurel touched the great, gaunt seam his hand had ripped in that grim dungeon's side. He stared, speechless, at the strange, unreal thing his hand had wrought. Then the joy awoke in his breast, and with a chuckle of sweet

ecstasy he dropped upon his knees and hands and crawled slowly through the breach that heaven had opened to the cry of his despair. Free! The blessed light of liberty about him! He stood up, shook himself, glanced up the friendly heights, wondering which trail might prove the surest, and started. Six feet he went, and stopped. The dogs; he must dodge the dogs, the hounds. "The fiends of hell," he called them, hearing them, in fancy, already on his trail. And hearing them, he stopped dead still there in his tracks. He waited, listening, living again those three wild nights, a fugitive before the law. His head dropped on his breast, his hands to his side; the slow tears started and rolled down his boyish, beardless cheek:

"I can't," said he, lifting his face up to the heights he hungered for. "I'd rather be dead than be a runaway, afeard a'most to breathe. I'd rather be—*here*." He looked up at the blue sky hungrily, and shook his head:

"Ye ain't no light o' liberty. Ye're jest a cheat—a *lie*."

He stopped and plucking a branch of the sturdy mountain laurel, a branch crammed full of rose-pink bloom and leaves as green as emeralds in the sun, held it to his face an instant, then turned slowly back.

Back to the breach his hand had made; stooped and crawled in—in to his dungeon and his life's servitude. Then there came to him the memory of all the four-score men in that same tunnel, and he began to work with all his might, pushing back the stones, heaping the coal up, hiding the light from those desperate ones who would sell *his* life for freedom any hour. One last look at freedom; one last sweet breath of hope, and he lifted the laurel branch and waved it as a friend waves putting out to sea, to those he leaves on shore.

"Good-bye," he whispered brokenly. "Good-bye to you-uns; good-bye to—liberty."

And all the sweet, pink blossoms and green leaves seemed to nod and smile, "Good-bye."

And then he fell to work, calking crevices, stopping loopholes that were leaking light, heaping stone on stone, even cramming his

old coal-sooted miner's cap into a gap he stood in doubt of. And then, the thing being done, he leaped upon his half-filled car, dropped the blooming twig down out of sight, and with a yell demoniac set the slow mule jogging toward the pit's mouth. How endless seemed the tunnel; how fierce the fear that he should meet some fellow-convict whose prying eye might search out that all-speaking trophy at his feet. The old mule crawled rather than walked, but at last in the distance the good, round eye of daylight and blue sky smiled through the pit's mouth.

At the entrance he seized the branch of laurel and springing to the opening stopped, as the prison regulations demanded, and holding the branch high above his head, waved it, a signal, a message, and a triumph. The startled guards saw and leaped to action. Some ran to the pit's mouth, thinking of those five-and-eighty convicts behind it. Others ran to fetch the warden tidings of the breach Jim Hardeman had found.

They said the boy's face shone like a star as he stood there with the sunlight in his face, the blackness of the pit behind him, and smiling, held that bit of mountain laurel up to greet the warden:

"Cap'n," said he, "I surrender. I fight no more. I'll serve my time out quiet, or die a pris'ner ef I must. But, Cap'n, *I have seen the light o' liberty*, an' it—have—conquered me."

"Eighty men and more were in that tunnel with him, your Excellency." The warden had himself carried the story to the Governor; he meant to strike a blow for Jim, and he did. "He could have taken the last one with him and made a stand my guards would have had no show against. But he did n't; and the poor fellow never once thought of a pardon. The simple fact that he had proved himself master of himself just conquered him. Oh, but this will be Heaven's tidings for Jim, your Excellency."

And it was. The warden chose the early morning for his news. He called the boy out from the line of prisoners, to face the laughing guards and listening convicts, and explained to him and them how, sometimes, it was deemed well to reward certain acts of heroism, thoughtful consideration, and good behavior. And with this

in view—the Governor of the great State of Tennessee had empowered him to act as bearer,—and he took from his breast a folded sheet, to which a great, round seal was fixed; and then, looking into the boy's startled eyes, he forgot his little speech. The mighty paper fluttered to his feet, as he took his joy-dumb prisoner by the hand, and pointing with his other to the bright, blue heaven smiling on them, said:

“Jim, boy, that *is* the light of liberty. Now run along home, old fellow.”

## EDITORIALS.

### PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

AS THE time approaches for the nomination of candidates for the presidency of the republic, public interest becomes more and more aroused, though it is undoubtedly true that there is this year less ante-nomination excitement than has been present for many decades, owing to the fact that the general conviction prevails that President Roosevelt has succeeded in gaining for himself the coveted prize from the Republican party, while the opposition is so divided between the conflicting demands of factions representing diametrically opposite ideals and convictions that the probability of anything like a united opposition to the Republican party seems doubtful. Indeed, the line of demarcation between the Wall street and Tammany wing of the Democratic party and the progressive Democracy is in many respects more marked than has frequently been the division between the two great opposition parties. On the one hand are marshalled the hordes of graft and greed—men who stand near the corrupt corporations; men who are in as high favor with predatory wealth as are Senators Quay, Platt, or Aldrich; men like Senator Gorman in national politics, and like Richard Croker and Charles Murphy in ring politics. The democrats who believe in bargaining with Wall street and predatory wealth, while following the Republican policy of perfunctorily denouncing oppressive monopolies and corporate aggressions, are determined that no person shall be nominated who will be unswervingly loyal to the interests of the people in the battle against the trusts and corporate domination in government. They will strenuously oppose the nomination of any man whom the great campaign contributors among the privileged classes—the trusts and other predatory bands—shall oppose; for their eyes have long rested eagerly upon the enormous corruption funds that have been



so lavishly used by these interests in subverting the republic and securing the domination of the Republican party.

On the other hand there is the progressive Democracy, representing the ideals of Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln; representing unswerving loyalty to the interests of all the people and implacable hostility to class-government and special privilege; the element that will stand loyally by the interests of the people against the aggressions of predatory wealth and for the maintenance of the fundamental principles of the Declaration of Independence.

Now so long as such mutually exclusive factions remain in any party, defeat, disaster and demoralization must necessarily result, while the millions of voters who would be loyally working for a party in which they felt they could place implicit confidence as being sincere in its opposition to trusts and reactionary tendencies and at all times loyal to the interests of the whole people and the underlying principles of free government, are to-day naturally lethargic and in a way indifferent, because of a lack of confidence in each of the great opposition parties. This, we think, explains the lack of enthusiasm among the electorate so noticeable at the present time.

It is to be hoped that this year the national Democracy will choose between good government and corrupt greed in such unmistakable language that the line of cleavage will leave no chance for the other division to camp on the trail or claim the protection of the party's flag. If the champions of predatory wealth, of greed and graft, gain control of the convention and heed the voice of Tammany Hall or of the Wall street sirens by nominating Mr. Murphy's protegee, McClellan, or the new Brooklyn boss's choice—Judge Parker, who has so successfully hidden his political convictions, if he has any, that it is supposed he can smile with equal acceptability on corporate power and privileged wealth and on the exploited masses; or if that high-priest of corporate protection and ring rule, Senator Gorman, should be nominated; or, furthermore, should the financial and Wall street combination succeed in nominating Grover Cleveland, whose last administration, reeking as it did with the bond scandal and favoritism to railroad corporations and Wall

street interests, all but destroyed the Democratic party two years after Mr. Cleveland's last election, doubtless the trusts and other privileged classes will contribute liberally, and the machine politicians, the corruptionists and grafters will be bountifully supplied with funds for a few months. But nothing but blighting defeat and destruction will or should follow such an exhibition of recreancy to the principles of Democracy and the rights of the people for which the party of Jefferson is supposed to stand. In such an event the conscience element of the Democratic party, consisting of millions of voters, would rightfully refuse to support a party that placed corrupt wealth above manhood and principle. The result of such a nomination would be seen in a third party, or in an immense swelling of the vote of the Socialist party and in large accessions to the Republican party.

On the other hand, if the Democratic party promulgates a clear-cut programme of progress, pledging itself to curb and bring into subjection lawless and law-defying trusts, monopolies and corporations; to place the interests of manhood above the interests of money; to favor progressive democratic policies and the reestablishment of the republic of Jefferson and Lincoln that has recently given place to a government of privilege and class-rule; and if in addition to such a platform the party nominates an aggressive and determined representative of these principles, if it selects a man who backs up his words by his deeds instead of indulging merely in high-sounding platitudes and sonorous phrasings, the party will instantly call to its support millions of voters who are only awaiting a popular leader to fly to his standard in order that the reign of trust despotism, extortion and corruption may be overthrown.

The people have been learning during the past four years—learning in the bitter school of experience. They have been plundered of millions upon millions of dollars by the arrogant, insolent and law-defying coal and railroad trusts and by the great railroad combinations that through bribery of government officials defeat effective legislative demands that have so urgently and insistently been advanced by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and that continue to levy extortionate freight rates at pleasure, thus robbing

the producer and consumer at will. The meat trust and scores of other organizations of commercial brigands have long kept the people at this irksome school, and all they now wait for is a fearless and daring leader in whom they can place confidence and who will back up his words and pledges with deeds. Let the Democrats nominate such a man, and the wealth of Wall street and of the various predatory bands that are securing untold millions that should be the property of honest industry, will be powerless to elect Mr. Roosevelt or any other president whom the people would even suspect of being capable of appointing a former corporation or trust attorney, such as the gentlemen who have been kept in office by the Republican party during the past eight years, to enforce the laws and uphold the rights of the people against law-defying classes.

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### THE TRUE IMMORTALS.

THROUGHOUT all ages the most colossal figures, the men and women who have left the most indelible impress on society, for good or evil,—they who have most completely held sway for a time, or for all time, over the popular imagination, have boldly represented one of two world-wide, opposing ideals. They have been dominated by altruism or by egoism. They have either been overmastered by some great moral principle, or truth, as was St. Paul overpowered by the light when he journeyed to Damascus, so that all thoughts of self, of personal ease, comfort, wealth, power, ambition, and advancement have been subordinated to a passion for truth, a desire for the acquisition for knowledge that should bless and benefit others, or for the furtherance of the basic principles of justice and right as they relate to all the people; or they have placed the ego above the interest of the millions and as a settled policy of life, or at least at critical moments, have been governed by considerations of self-interest rather than the higher law and the ideal of world-relationship and mutual interest and dependency, which was the heart of the ethics of Jesus.

In the history of civilization the life of the great Nazarene stands forth as a supreme embodiment of the spirit of altruism, as did that of the Emperor Tiberius Cæsar, who swayed the scepter of world-dominion when Jesus was crucified, represent the genius of egoism. The Nazarene was caluminated, misrepresented and traduced. He was a wanderer whom the world of power, wealth, respectability, and conventionalism sneered at, derided and slew, while that same world fawned at the feet of Tiberius and praised and flattered him, even though many who thus degraded themselves secretly detested him; for he was the all-powerful representative of physical force and might-upheld authority, as Jesus was the embodiment of moral excellence.

It is often urged to-day by opportunists, time-servers and apologists for rulers who are slaves to expediency, that it is impossible for those in high places, surrounded by chicanery, self-seeking, corruption and moral depravity, to live upon a high plane, or at least to consistently practice the principles of the noblest ethics. They urge that the democratic ideal, embodying Justice, Fraternity and Freedom, is noble and inspiring—something to be worshiped in the abstract and conjured with on the hustings, but in practical politics and in the conduct of State issues it is impracticable. This doctrine shadows forth a deadly apostacy that is more and more gaining favor with those who seek to discredit the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence and the principles of the founders of this nation. It is as false as it is pernicious, and should be boldly controverted at every step.

When we turn to the history of Rome in her decline, we behold egoism at its apogee. Here, if ever, it would have been impossible for rulers to shadow forth noble morals in public and private life. It was an age of blood and brute force; an age when the finer sensibilities of society had been drugged to death by successive reigns of unparalleled corruption, moral turpitude, cruelty and licentiousness. And yet, in this melancholy era when the mistress of the world, a moral degenerate, was reeling toward destruction, we find the Emperor Marcus Aurelius practicing the most austere morality, living a life at once abstemious, simple, pure and

upright, exercising wisdom, justice and altruism in the affairs of state, and by public and private life forever stamping as false the pitiful claim that great rulers in the midst of corrupt political conditions cannot preserve integrity of soul or be uniformly loyal to the great underlying principles of justice and nobility in word and deed, in public and private life.

Again, if we turn to an age and land where rude physical force dominated the imagination of warring peoples as completely as corrupting sensual depravity and refined cruelty marked the Roman Empire in the days of Aurelius, we find Alfred the Great of England a moral colossus when morality was at a discount; mentally keen when there was little to stimulate culture or intellect, and as tender and just as he was brave; a lover of his people far more than a lover of his own life; a man who demonstrated for all time the power and grandeur of moral rectitude in national leadership by surmounting the greatest discouragements, difficulties and harassments and laying broad and deep the foundations for a noble nation of happy, high-minded and enlightened people.

In these two well-known historical examples we see the heads of governments, at times when every current seemed to run in favor of egoism, embodying in an overmastering degree the principles of altruism in rulership, even as Nero, Domitian, Louis XV. and the Stuarts typified incarnate egoism at the head of the State.

In the reigns of Aurelius and Alfred the Great we have concrete examples of the possibility and practicability of fidelity to moral ideals in rulers and statesmen under the most adverse circumstances, and also of the potency of such examples in forwarding civilization. Their lives, deeds and words will ever be perpetual founts of inspiration and strength to the leaders of advancing civilization. By placing altruism above egoism they took rank among the saviors of civilization and the regenerators of society. Their immortality is as assured as it is glorious.

The egoist runs his little course, brilliant, spectacular, comet-like, perhaps, and then disappears. His deeds and words, prompted by selfish motives, possess no permanent vitality or inspiration. For a time frequently he fills a large place in the thought of the

world, but his going forth is like the flight of glory from the autumnal forest when the breath of winter has fallen over the land; while the altruist whom he may have scorned or unjustly condemned to prison or to death lives on in the love of the ages and becomes one of the real governors, moulders and uplifters of civilization, whose power for good is augmented as time passes and man advances. The altruists are the true immortals from whom time is powerless to wrest the scepter of dominion, because they have consciously or unconsciously leagued themselves with the Infinite Life; they have been true to the Divine ideal of Justice; they have been faithful to the eternal ethical verities.

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### TWO CAPITAL CRIMES AGAINST FREE GOVERNMENT.

IN A republic there are two political crimes that are capital in character and merit the extreme penalty meted out for the gravest offences. One is treason, in its true sense—the attempting through forcible means and measures to overthrow the government of the people, or assaults on the organic State from without and by force; and the other is the attempt to corrupt the electorate and statesmen elected to carry out the wishes of the voters, so that measures in the interest of all the people are displaced by legislation which gives privileges to the few and which enables classes or special interests to acquire great wealth at the expense of the masses and ultimately to oppress the people and levy extortion at will and to defy when they cannot prevent such legislation as might afford some measure of protection for the masses. This last offence—the destruction of the spirit and life of free institutions through corrupt practices—is the most heinous because the most dangerous crime that can be perpetrated against a republic, and therefore should be most unsparingly and severely dealt with,—more so, if possible, than overt treason, for assaults from without can be repelled with comparative ease. But the undermining of the foundations of pure and free



government is of necessity and ever has been the most fatal foe to experiments in popular rule. It corrupts the entire stream of political and industrial integrity, anæsthetising the conscience and destroying all sense of moral proportion. In proportion as the virus spreads throughout the body politic, class-interests become more and more dominant, and despotic ideas and reactionary tendencies permeate the State. Any attempt to foster or encourage this crime is of necessity a deadly offence against the genius of republican government; and every serious and wise attempt made to bring the corrupters to justice and to render impossible the debauching of the nation should command the steadfast loyalty and enthusiastic support of every patriot, irrespective of party, for the issue is one of supreme importance; it is the overshadowing menace of the hour.

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#### A MESSAGE FOR THE PRESENT.

JOAQUIN MILLER in his social vision *The Building of the City Beautiful*, represents his heroine as saying:

"The very first, last words, of God to man, as the gates of Paradise closed behind, were these: 'In the sweat of *thy* face—not in the sweat of the face of another—thou shalt eat bread till thou returnest to the ground'; and we search the Bible in vain for any single exception in favor of any human being, be he priest, prophet, president, or king. . . . And so firmly fixed is this law of God, established in the laws of nature, that the experience of six thousand years testifies that this is the only path to perfect health. This is a positive law, the first law, and a positive law that admits of no equivocation. It fell from the voice of God centuries before Moses reached up his hands to receive the tablets where His finger, amid thunder and flame, had traced the negative laws of the Decalogue. . . . As I said before, this one first law, that thou shalt eat thy bread in the sweat of thy face, is a positive law. The Decalogue is almost entirely negative. But only let the one first great command be strictly observed and the Decalogue will never be broken. It is the one continual effort to escape this one first command that brings man in collision with the laws of Sinai."

Whatever one's views may be in regard to the Old Testament or the story of the Fall recorded therein, all who recognize the solidarity of the race and the mutual rights, duties and obligations belonging to and devolving upon the common children of a common Father, cannot fail to see and feel the basic justice of the central thought expressed in the above. Too long have the multitudes been exiled from the bounties of nature and the full enjoyment of the wealth which their toil has created, that the parasites might enjoy ease and luxury. The acquirers, as distinguished from the earners of wealth—those who because of accident of birth or by means of craft and cunning, by gambling or special privilege, and various forms of indirection—gain fortunes by the appropriation of what others have earned, are reaping where they do not sow and are waxing fabulously rich on that which in the light of the Higher Law belongs to others.

This fundamental injustice must sooner or later be overthrown and go the way of legalized polygamy, chattel slavery, and other evils of less enlightened periods. It is essentially undemocratic and wholly at variance with any true system of ethics. To supersede this anarchal and fundamentally iniquitous social condition by a system rooted and grounded in justice and equity will be the supreme mission of the twentieth century. It is the goal to which all our efforts should tend, for the happiness of all the people is conditioned on justice to every unit in the State.

## BOOK STUDIES.

### I. "THE TORCH": PROFESSOR HOPKINS' PLEA FOR ACADEMIC FREEDOM.\*

#### I.

IN REACTIONARY periods such as the present, literature quickly responds to the dominant note in social and public life. The artificiality and superficiality, the egoism and sordidness, the increasing absorption in gain getting and pleasure seeking, indifference for justice, if it runs counter to desired personal ends, the elevation of might to the seat of right and the assumption of the divine-right idea, and that of mastership in the place of the ideal of brotherhood or fraternity which was the great basic principle in the teachings of Jesus—all these evidences of decadence that mark a period of positivism and reaction are reflected in the great mass of the literature of the time. There are always some splendid exceptions and occasionally great geniuses rise and become beacon lights in a night-time of mental and moral inertia. But for the most part the literature in reactionary periods is as artificial in character as is the society to which it ministers.

To-day this fact is very noticeable in our fiction. Even among our most finished writers, we note a painful amount of superficiality and affectation. Take for example the popular work of Henry Harland. Here artificiality reaches its apogee, and though the diction is exquisite, and one may feel a keen delight in the author's masterly manipulation of words and some of his admirers express a sense of satisfaction in finding present nothing repulsive, or, indeed, anything that can cause the effort incident to the birth-pain of a new or original thought, yet who among the discerning readers can escape the feeling that he has been beguiled into an elegant wax-works establishment, where all that the tailor's, the dress-maker's,

\* *The Torch*, by Herbert M. Hopkins. Cloth. Pp. 398. Price, \$1.50. Indianapolis, Ind.: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

milliner's and the perfumer's arts can yield have been pressed into requisition to aid the magician who attempts to pass off manikins for men and women. Numbers of other works far less finished than Mr. Harland's are equally artificial and far more reactionary in spirit, many of them glorifying the cruel swash-buckling and despotic ages "when knighthood was in flower" and the masses of all lands were cloaked in blackest ignorance, wrapped in superstition and made the beasts of burden for a privileged few; while still another class of popular novels deal with the shallow and enervating frivolity of modern selfish butterfly-society life. All such books are subtly poisonous. They fill the mind with false ideals and concepts and direct the thoughts from the real, serious and noble labors to which progress, duty, justice and right, or, in a word, to which God and the future, summons every true child of the Infinite.

Mid all this mass of reactionary, dilettante and oftentimes pernicious fiction that marks materialistic and egoistic epochs and which is so painfully in evidence to-day, we from time to time come across clear, strong, fine works that are deeply interesting and which breathe forth the high, fine spirit of true democracy; novels that reveal "things as they are" in the engaging guise of romance, unhampered by the prosaic and didactic iterations of the pedagogue or the preacher.

## II.

In *The Torch*, Professor Herbert M. Hopkins has given us a romance of fascinating interest, wholesome in spirit and true to present-day conditions—a work in which through the wizard-touch of the novelist's art, one of the most ominous perils of our land and time,—the assault upon the freedom of thought in our educational institutions by predatory wealth—is brought vividly before the mind of the reader in the web and woof of the absorbingly interesting romance which, however, it must be confessed, has more basis in historical facts than in the rich fancy of poetic imagination. It must not be supposed, however, that Professor Hopkins' novel is preëminently a propaganda work; far from it. The overshadowing moral issue presented is incidental to a pure, but very realistic story

of present-day college life, replete in strong dramatic situations, spiced with love and romance, and otherwise strong in human interest. Here we see the play of all the emotions that are uppermost in social existence,—love and calculating worldly wisdom, egoism and altruism, craft and candor, pride and simplicity, vanity and sincerity, cunning and courage, profundity and superficiality. The arrogant spirit of the parvenu and the world-embracing love of the democrat, the despotism of the self-seeking sycophant and the devotion to principle of the true patriot,—all are brought out in bold antithesis; and while the story deals with the alarming assaults upon academic freedom through the influence of predatory wealth and of political partisanship as it has been exemplified in numerous instances during the past two decades, notably in the cases of the Leland Stanford and Chicago Universities and the Kansas State Agricultural College, it is in no sense the history of any single assault on the bulwark of democracy.

### III.

Perhaps we cannot better acquaint the reader in the briefest possible way with the principal characters of the novel, than by presenting them in the form of a dramatic cast.

*President Babington*, an eastern scholar with many titles and the author of several books. He has the reputation of being a liberal thinker in sympathy with progressive democracy. He is large and well-proportioned, has a magnificent address and is famed for his eloquence; is magnetic, smooth and politic, yet underneath all this veneer is the sycophantic snob, the self-seeking egoist, mean-spirited, little-souled, despotic, and inordinately ambitious. While pretending to be progressive, he is at heart reactionary; while affecting democracy, he is in thorough accord with plutocracy.

“His sympathies were really with the administration, and the ‘imperialism’ of which its enemies made such a scarecrow was rather to his liking. There was a glamour and a glory and a good deal of dress-parade connected with it. He felt that the tendencies of the times made it necessary to drive the hewers of wood and drawers of water in harness. He would like to be one of the men to crack the whip.

"It was thus that he missed the ideal of a State University. He preached one thing, he felt another. He wanted his university to grow and extend its influence and become a great educational trust, because he was at the head of it. He favored the aspirations of the vulgar for his own aggrandizement, but he loved to belong to the privileged few."

President Babington is a master in high-sounding and sonorous platitudes. One might imagine that he had sat at the feet of Ex-President Cleveland and that the pupil had distanced the master in the use of mystifying words that might mean everything or anything. He was vocally so strenuous that he might have aroused the envy of President Roosevelt. Indeed, his strenuousness in words and his inertia in combatting reactionary and undemocratic evils suggest our President at times in an almost startling manner.

He is a suitor for the hand of the beautiful and wealthy young widow, Mrs. Van Sant, though he is not above coquetting with the dried up, weird and coarse Mrs. Tupper whose great riches he covets almost as much as he does the person of the beautiful young widow.

*Professor Plow*, a "greater democrat" as distinguished from the "little democrat" who is a time-server and seems to regard the fostering of class-interest as a function of government. He holds the chair of political economy and is outspoken in his advocacy of public ownership of public utilities and other sane democratic policies that would find few opponents among intelligent people were it not for the financial influence of privileged classes and their lavish use of money to purchase the aid of special pleaders. Owing to his broad statesmanship and his advocacy of his ideals of the greater democracy, Professor Plow is denounced as a socialist by his enemies,—something, however, that does not hurt his popularity. He, however, has aroused the bitter hostility of predatory wealth and public-service corporations, but is very popular with students because of his fairness, his moral enthusiasm and genuine nobility of character. Though a man of strong conviction, he fosters the freest discussion and encourages the most unsparing criticism of his own views by his students. All he asks is intelligent reasons from



those who antagonize his position, and the students know full well that if their arguments against his theories are sound and closely reasoned, they will receive every whit as high mark as equally strong reasoning from the other side.

As President Babington is an opportunist and a time-server, so Plow is an idealist and a practical visionary, paradoxical as the term may sound. On one occasion, when he expressed to the incredulous Mrs. Van Sant his conviction of the early triumph of the principles he supported, he exclaims:

“‘The visionary is the only sane man. He sees the real things more clearly than any one else. Every reformer was regarded as a visionary until his dreams became realities. We must have faith in the tendencies of the times, just as Washington and Lincoln did, and must n’t mind the labels they attach to us. Every fight for liberty looks forlorn at the beginning, but that ’s where the glory and the exhilaration of it come in.’”

Plow consorts with the labor-unions and addresses various bodies of working people in a manner very offensive to the snobs and sycophants to our new aristocracy, as well as to the reactionary and plutocratic elements of society. He had been a schoolmate of President Babington and it was through the instrumentality of Professor Plow that the new president had been called to the state university. In their boyhood, they had been great friends. Both were idealists and fond of dwelling on the high, fine, old ideals that were the life and soul of our republic in the first century of its history. Plow, however, was an altruist as well as an idealist, while Babington was an egoist first and his fine-spun idealism always presupposed his personal comfort, ease and preëminence.

*Mrs. Van Sant*, a rich and beautiful young widow, willowy in form and presenting a wealth of auburn hair, a woman of the world with much intellectual discernment and in spite of her worldliness, possessed of many fine characteristics, not a very high or fine personification of womanhood, but an admirably drawn typical character. She has many admiring suitors, the principal ones being, President Babington, Professor Plow and her old playfellow and

schoolmate, Professor Lee, now filling the chair of English literature in the university.

*Kate Tupper*, an old, shriveled and hardened woman, a miser who has long lived in the delusion that everyone is trying to rob her. She is the widow of a once famous railroad magnate whose millions had been acquired through special privilege, questionable political tactics and by opposing the people. Old Mr. Tupper had intended to endow the university, but had clung to his gold until death had overtaken him. President Babington sets out to secure a portion of this wealth for the college. He succeeds. The sycophancy of the president and the angling of the old woman, who conceives an insane passion for the handsome man, lead to some essentially repulsive but very strong scenes. Babington covets her wealth and leads her to believe he cares for her to such purpose that she wills her riches to him.

*Professors Trumbull, Stewart, Clark and Brown* are members of the faculty who resign because of the dismissal of Professor Plow, and in their resignation created quite a furore.

"It was felt that there was something indecent in the manner in which these two men of dignity and position had been booted through the door. Irresponsible wits might remark that they now sat on the fence outside and exhibited the mark of the boot to passers-by, but the majority believed that a summons to a battle for liberty had been sounded by two men of heroic fiber. Their eyes were opened for the first time to this new menace of democracy, a menace growing out of the centralization of power since the civil war, and of a piece with industrial and legislative despotism."

*Professor Lee*, who refuses to resign or to be hypnotized by President Babington, and who finally becomes president of the university when Professor Plow is elected governor of the state.

*Little Captain Kip*, who had served in the Cuban War and who reflects the mental paralysis that is one of the curses of army life.

*Kate Hathaway*, a beautiful character who might have been won by Professor Lee had he been noble enough to understand her nobility, before she became the affianced bride of the scholar and archæologist, Professor Trumbull.

*Miss Wiley*, a reporter and editorial writer on the *Times*, wields a truculent pen, as Professor Babington learns to his bitter regret.

These are the chief characters in the story, in which college life in all its varied aspects forms a spirited background.

#### IV.

The home of Mrs. Van Sant is the scene of many of the most interesting episodes of the story. The painstaking wooing of President Babington is delightfully described, but he fails to deceive the shrewd and worldly-wise woman even though his temporary success, his brilliant intellectual powers and magnetism almost win a favorable answer to his suit. It is at the house of this brilliant woman on a certain evening that President Babington and Professor Plow unwittingly give the keynotes of the master and controlling ideals and impulses in their natures. The President has admitted that years before, when at college, he had written poetry. Those were the days when the nobler impulses in his nature had struggled for ascendancy. They mark the period when the high, fine spirit of democracy influenced him in a measure even as it overmastered his schoolmate, Plow. His poems had breathed the spirit of progress. Principle rather than policy was the dominant note and the keen-witted Mrs. Van Sant cannot fail to see that policy is now the overmastering influence of his life. At last he speaks of one class of people who find themselves "left out in the cold" and instantly his hostess discerns the key to the mystery that had perplexed her.

"The expression of his face arrested her reply. He had grown worldly again. 'Out in the cold!' The fear of the cold: that was the key to the mystery. It was for the warm place that he had come to despise his early dreams."

Later in the evening, Professor Plow, who had accommodated the president by addressing a meeting of working men who had requested the presence of the head of the university at their gathering, calls on Mrs. Van Sant. In the course of the conversation which follows between the president and the professor, the econ-

omist vexed his superior by his championship of the workers. The following words by the professor and the replies elicited serve to awaken the instructor in political economy to the fact that his old schoolmate has become recreant to the ideal of democracy and a traitor to the cause of social justice. Plow has been explaining the fact that the laborers are often very well informed and he continues:

"One old man wanted to know why it was that four thousand millionaires owned over twenty per cent. of the wealth of the country; why one family in each hundred could buy out the other ninety-nine and have something over."

"Did you tell him that it was due to brains?" Babington asked, with a curious smile. But Plow was in no humor for jests.

"No, sir," he cried, with a wide sweep of his arm, as if he were still before an audience, "I could n't conscientiously give them any such answer. I told them that it was the paradox of the century to see the congestion of wealth in the hands of the privileged few, in spite of the wide diffusion of education among the masses. I told them no man's services were worth a salary of a million dollars a year. I told them we were paying tribute now to emperors of steel and kings of oil, instead of to the old-fashioned kind of kings. These are our robber barons."

"The president's face had grown immovable and hard. Was this the man he had sent as his accredited representative?"

"What solution did you recommend?" he asked coldly.

"Co-operation," said Plow, "union, the public ownership of public utilities. The wealth of the country belongs to the people, and they have a right to claim their own, for they have created it." . . . .

"The university has a place in all this," he continued. "That's what I tell the young men in my classes. I want them to realize their opportunities and responsibilities. I want them to be on the right side when the line is drawn. That's why I love my profession. I feel that I can be a connecting link between the educated men and the masses. I'm glad I'm teaching in a state institution, an institution for the people, not created with conscience money to tickle the vanity of an individual. We can say what we please and extend a helping hand to the men who need it most. You remember we used to discuss these subjects in college, Babington. Things have grown worse since then."

"‘I should say rather better,’ the president answered distinctly. ‘I think the trusts are a benefit to the country.’

"Plow's eyes opened wide, and he stared at his old classmate with incredulity. Then he returned to the attack with renewed vigor, anxious only to win a convert, and unsuspecting of the complicated emotions that were raging in the other's heart."

Professor Babington made the mistake which the Tories in the early days of our revolution made—the mistake of Stafford in the time of Charles I. and the mistake that marked the old regime of France when Jefferson counselled the leading nobles and statesmen at the court to follow a course that would have averted the reign of terror. Babington believed that because the people were patient and long suffering—because they permitted themselves to be betrayed time and again, they were not formidable or to be feared. He had the same faith in plutocracy and contempt in democracy that is in evidence on every hand to-day, while Plow trusted to the principles of justice and right and held faith in the people even as did Jefferson and Lincoln in earlier days. The president began his time-serving at a time when the popular action in favor of greater democracy was beginning to electrify the heart of the people—a wave of genuine republicanism rose, as rise it will, and it overthrew the reign of the trusts and predatory wealth, sweeping Plow into the government chair and Babington out of the university.

Professor Hopkins has performed a needed task while writing a fine story of absorbing interest. His book rings true at almost every point. It is instinct with the spirit of democracy. It is a story that will serve to awaken the people to the perils of the present and bring back again something of the old-time love of freedom, justice and brotherhood that was the guiding principle of Jefferson, Lincoln and indeed the master-spirits that made the United States the great moral leader or ethical world-power in modern civilization.

## II. PROFESSOR PARSONS' "STORY OF NEW ZEALAND." \*

### I. INTRODUCTORY WORD.

IN *The Story of New Zealand* Professor Frank Parsons has given the American people a monumental work of inestimable value to the cause of social progress and sound democracy. In fact, it is a veritable magazine of facts and authoritative data of supreme importance at the present time. We believe it is safe to say that no book has appeared in the past decade whose circulation would do more to further the principles of free institutions, the cause of justice and the peaceable evolution of our republic from its present condition of social and political chaos.

This volume, containing over eight hundred pages, gives at once a graphic story of one of the most enlightened commonwealths of the world and a survey of the successive political, economic and social victories which have lifted New Zealand to the front rank of free enlightened commonwealths. It is impossible in the space of a magazine review to even indicate the chief points of excellence in a work so comprehensive in scope, so important in character, and so clearly and closely reasoned as is this volume. We say "closely reasoned" advisedly, as the work is far more than a didactic presentation of the facts of the historical, social, economic and political developments of this wonderful New England of the antipodes; for in it the author luminously discusses each great fundamental problem with which the commonwealth has had to deal, pointing out the strong and the weak points in each measure and achievement, and comparing results with similar movements elsewhere. No American scholar is so well equipped for this special work as Professor Parsons. His long labors as professor in the Boston University School of Law, and his experience as a legal text-book writer were part of a training very helpful in the preparation of a work

\* *The Story of New Zealand*. By Prof. Frank Parsons. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 836. Price, \$3.00. Philadelphia: Dr. C. F. Taylor, publisher, 1520 Chestnut street.



where accuracy in statement and lucidity of expression are of first importance. In the next place, he brings to the work a knowledge which is probably greater than that possessed by any other American economic authority of the history of important democratic measures and popular governmental undertakings enacted throughout Europe and America during the past century; and to these important qualifications is added that conscientious regard for absolute accuracy in statement and reasonableness in deductions which has ever marked his work, and the enthusiasm of one whose love for the labor is only surpassed by his devotion to the fundamental ethical verities that are the hope of popular government and of enduring civilization.

## II. AS A HISTORICAL SURVEY.

The volume opens with an interesting description of the Maori tribes, the remarkable brown people who were the masters of the island when Captain Cook touched upon the coast of New Zealand. The history of the island during the establishment of the early settlement and of the final war with the brave Maoris is given in a clear and concise manner, after which the author enters upon the great subject in hand, the politico-industrial history of New Zealand.

There have been many able and more or less comprehensive works published dealing with some one or more of the distinctive social, economic and political innovations and reforms of New Zealand. Some of these works, like the extremely valuable books by the late Henry D. Lloyd, were largely the result of personal visits, inquiries and observations; yet they were in the nature of the case largely cursory and incomplete. It remained for Professor Parsons to give the English-speaking world a comprehensive social and political history of New Zealand from the advent of the white man to the present day. The author has had access to all obtainable authoritative data relating to his subject. He was compelled to carefully digest over three hundred large volumes in order to be able to present a story absolutely trustworthy.

## III. THE BOOK AS A TWENTIETH-CENTURY HISTORY.

History in the past has concerned itself largely if not chiefly with wars and deeds of force and fraud perpetrated by the powerful, who through the accidents of birth or fortune on the field of blood were able to oppress the many and who usually blasphemously claimed to rule by divine right. The historian Green made a long stride toward an enlightened treatment of the history of the English when he devoted so much space to the conditions of the masses and the development of the moral and intellectual side of national life. And yet, admirable as his history is, it is largely devoted to wearying tales of needless wars and the flagrant crimes of rulers. To a certain extent this of course is necessary in the history of a nation like that of England, which deals with a people's slow and toilsome ascent from savagery, covering centuries in which the ideal of excellence lay in physical power or intellectual cunning rather than in moral strength or intellectual greatness. And yet I think it is difficult to escape the conclusion that excellent as is Green's history, it would have been materially improved if less space had been devoted to the savage side of life, and more emphasis had been placed on the history of constitutional progress, and economic, social and moral development.

In Professor Parsons' *Story of New Zealand*, which is the latest pretentious historical work to appear, we have a history in which the social, economic and educational progress of a great people occupies almost the entire volume. It is a story in which unfolding civilization, rather than deeds of savagery, brute force and remorseless ambition receives special emphasis. New Zealand has had few wars with her natives, and none with outside nations, and, as our author points out, the conflicts with the savages were for the most part due to moral lapses of the white men; and happily for all the inhabitants these exhibitions of moral and mental insanity were very few compared with those usually in evidence where Christian nations have undertaken to benevolently assimilate pagan peoples.

The history of New Zealand, though wanting in military honors, though barren of men on horseback, and rulers wearing crowns and

bearing scepters, is nevertheless one of the most interesting, as it is in many respects the most suggestively inspiring record of nations life extant.

Here the democratic ideal, based on Justice, Freedom and Fraternity, has been worked out more rapidly and successfully than in any other nation on the globe. Here progress in social, economic and political life has been incomparably more rapid than elsewhere, and as a result the history of no land is so pregnant with knowledge of real worth for friends of free government as is that of the New England of the southern seas which Professor Parsons has so graphically described. Next to the value to civilization of the victories achieved is the fact that these wonderfully revolutionary triumphs have been wrought without the shedding of blood or the wasting of property—wrought by those weapons which in ballot-ruled lands become irresistible when systematically and intelligently directed, namely, *agitation, which appeals primarily to the reason and conscience, followed by organization and concentrated effort for the definite victory of uppermost issues.*

#### IV. GREAT PROGRESSIVE MEASURES CARRIED OUT IN NEW ZEALAND.

Unlike statesmen in most lands, who for the most part have seemed unable to look ahead or build for the coming generations, the leaders of New Zealand have been bold, brave and far-seeing. They have been actuated by a determination to secure the greatest measure of justice, happiness and freedom for all the people. While our government has been catering to classes and privileged interests, this progressive southern commonwealth has kept steadily in view the supreme demand of democracy, which requires that the interests of all the people shall be the first concern of government. And the victories achieved have been as pronounced as they have been radical. Here the land as in no other country is the heritage of all the people, owing to a wise tax levied on land values and other just and statesmanlike measures enacted with a view to enabling every citizen to own a home, and thus have a stake in the country.

Thus monopoly in land, that mother of privilege and chief source of social injustice, has been overcome. To-day the land belongs in fact as well as in theory to the people; and as a result we find New Zealand becoming a nation of homes,—of happy, prosperous, progressive homes. The chapters on the land laws, dealing with the long and fierce struggle of the speculators to become rich on unearned increment and to virtually obtain mastery over the landless, as in other lands, and the counter-movements resulting in taxation of land values and in a settled policy looking toward the nationalization of the land, constitute one of the most inspiring and helpfully suggestive contributions to recent political and economic literature. But just land laws are only one of many distinguishing features of New Zealand's victorious progressive political programme. Among the other great achievements may be mentioned equal suffrage for men and women; direct nomination on petition; the Australian ballot and compulsory voting; progressive income tax and inheritance tax; governmental ownership and operation of railways, telegraph, and telephone; postal savings banks; governmental ownership and operation of coal mines; governmental insurance; industrial arbitration; a constantly broadening use of the referendum; nationalization of credit, or governmental loans at low interest to farmers and workingmen; government aid for home-makers by settling people on vacant land, advancing money at low interest to home-builders; prohibition of panics by the government practically taking control of the management of the chief bank of the land and standing behind it with the credit of the nation; old-age pensions; enlightened factory laws, embracing eight-hour day, weekly half-holidays, full wages and no sweating; public trust office, which administers estates at a low rate and with absolute safety; work for the out-of-works, or direct employment by the State on public works. Much of this work is now being carried forward on a unique co-operative plan.

In the above list we have enumerated the chief, but by no means all of the sane, wise, progressive measures that have marked the industrio-political history of New Zealand during the last thirty years.

In speaking of New Zealand, Professor Parsons says:

"The age of vigorous national development really began, however, with 1870. Till then the colonists had been occupied mainly with problems of safety and subsistence. . . . The era of railway development and assisted immigration that followed was largely responsible for the strong public sentiment that has wrought the remarkable changes of recent years. The public works showed the people what the government could do for them. And the growth of land monopoly that followed the building of railways forced upon the people the necessity of action. . . . Since 1890 the government has been in control of the Liberal Ministry, which is progressive in all its lines. The Progressive Party was born in 1877, but did not get thorough control of the government till January, 1891. Since then there has been no break."

#### V. SOME RESULTS OF SCIENTIFIC AND WISE STATESMANSHIP.

And what are the results as shown in this remarkable history? The nation, as Professor Parsons points out, is prosperous and happy. It is primarily a nation of home-makers. There is little or no uninvited poverty. In speaking of prevailing conditions our author observes that:

"Children are well cared for. New Zealand education is free, universal and compulsory. A little larger proportion of children is in school than with us, and illiteracy is less. Aside from the Maoris practically all the people over twelve years of age can read and write. A good common-school education is the rule, and higher education is very general. . . . Morality and intelligence are both very high. There is nowhere a people more kindly or with a deeper sense of justice. They are law-abiding, industrious, independent, prudent, prosperous, temperate, tolerant, and open-minded; and their energy and public spirit are superb.

"The vigor, self-reliance and initiative of the New Zealanders astonish their visitors. Those who imagine that public ownership and State activity blight these qualities must find New Zealand a paradox. Nowhere are the functions of government wider and nowhere are self-reliance and individual initiative more remarkably developed. The working classes look constantly to the State for assistance in various forms; yet they do more for themselves and make better provisions for the future in life insurance, bank deposits, etc., than the workers in any other country. The explanation

is easy. The government of New Zealand is not Paternalism but Fraternalism. Government-help is self-help, the partners using the firm to do their work. . . . The criminal record per thousand of population is low, lower than in England, France, Germany or the United States, and only half what it is in some of the Australian colonies, New South Wales, for example. The number of persons in prison per thousand inhabitants is less than half what it is in the United States. Illegitimate births are few. The ratio of drunkenness is light. The civic virtue of the people is shown by the honesty of the government and the wise and hearty interest the citizens take in public affairs. Chief Justice Stout says, 'So far our State has been free from corruption of any kind.' And again, 'There is a tolerance of opinion, and there is an altruism and a growing civic conscience clearly manifest.' . . . Reeves declares, 'The general political tone is healthy and is stimulated in all the provinces by a high-class press, which uses its great influence in a conscientious manner.' . . . The United States Consul reports to Washington that New Zealand 'is more truly democratic than any other country in the world.' Civic spirit is vigorous and acts on a high plane. Voting is regarded not merely as a right, but a duty, and not only a moral duty but a legal duty, the exercise of which is made compulsory. The government is not regarded as the enemy, or even as the guardian of the people, but as their friendly, wise and trusty servant. . . . Social life is as democratic as political life. The people are healthy and long-lived. The death rate is less than ten in a thousand. No other nation has so low a rate. The average worker in England is as old at sixty as the New Zealand laborer at sixty-five or seventy. The women are robust, wholesome, home-loving, intelligent, and public-spirited. . . . New Zealand has the highest per capita bank deposit in the world, and the highest life insurance per head next to the United States. The leading industries are agriculture and grazing, though mining, manufactures and commerce receive a good deal of attention. . . . The prosperity of the people is very high the way things go on this planet. The efficiency of labor, or the product per worker, is greater than in any other country except the United States, and the per capita wealth, income and expenditure, is greater in New Zealand than in any other country whatever. Not only is wealth more prevalent and incomes larger in New Zealand than elsewhere, but wealth is better diffused than in other countries, and the laws and institutions are framed on purpose to secure a still greater equalization of wealth. Paupers are very few



and dire want does not exist. . . . The people are determined their industrial life shall be as free from monopoly and oppression as their political life. They will have their institutions as genial as the sunshine that comes to all alike, and not less just or equal than the climate, which indulges only in the variations needful for the best and fullest life."

These brief extracts will give the reader some idea of present-day conditions in this progressive and essentially democratic commonwealth, where the people are not afraid to own and operate public utilities and where they hold that it is far more dangerous for trusts and privileged classes to practically own the government, corrupt the law-makers and oppress the people than for the voters to manage and control the public utilities and the land, including the coal mines.

I have no hesitancy in saying that this work is incomparably the most important volume on social, economic and political problems that has appeared within the last decade. It is of vital interest to progressive friends of free institutions, because it shows a plain, clear, practical solution for the most perplexing questions that confront us, and it emphasizes the theory by furnishing a practical and successful working model. It offers the remedy for the crying evils that are so fraught with peril to republican institutions, in a peaceful and orderly manner and in line with the evolutionary sweep of government.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.\*

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**ELEGIES: ANCIENT AND MODERN.** By Mary Lloyd. (In two volumes.) Vol. I. Pp. 308. Price, \$1.50 net; postage, twelve cents. Trenton, N. J.: Albert Brandt, publisher.

IN THE elegy the human heart speaks from its fulness, when the most profound emotions are in full play. It sounds the depths of human feeling and appeals to the most serious side of our nature. I have often thought when considering the elegy in connection with other forms of verse, that it was comparable to the master-tones of a great organ which thrill and stir one's very being. And how long the impressive imagery and soul-plaints linger in the mind! We may delight in the beautiful nothings of the poet, the exquisite butterfly concepts; but they are ephemeral and leave no impress on the soul. Not so with the noble elegy, for here the heart, from the depths of the valley, signals men and women of sentiment, feeling and depth of character in all ages, and the signal is answered from the solemn recesses of the soul.

As a rule the elegy flowers best when life is simple, sincere and normal, or in historic hours that are marked by a moral renaissance, when the conscience elements are particularly active and the prophets and bards experience profound spiritual exaltation, or are powerfully moved by dread apprehension for their country's weal. In decadent epochs and periods when gold has thrown its serpent-spell over the public imagination, the deepest heart-calls, the most solemn, grave and thoughtful literature finds scant popular favor. The temper of such ages is opposed to contemplation of the great verities of life. The call is for the gay and the feverish, for farce, comedy and light society romances that will entertain, dispel ennui and speak the same hollow, insincere and artificial language that

\* Books intended for review in *THE ARENA* should be addressed to B. O. Flower, Editorial Department, *THE ARENA*, Boston, Mass.

life is keyed to; or it seeks the exciting fiction which defies all elements of probability and is feverish in spirit and character; for such works are mental and moral anæsthetics. They deaden the call of conscience, defer the hour when the soul must confront the great sphinx of life, and minister to mental inertia by affording emotional excitement without the effort of thought.

But the elegy appeals to the normal mind in tune with life's deeper problems; and the deeper the feeling and the more vivid the poetic imagination, the keener will be the delight afforded by this stately form of verse.

The first one hundred pages of this extremely valuable volume of Miss Lloyd's is devoted to a most comprehensive and discriminating study of the history of elegiac poetry from the earliest days down to the present time. The author is not only a master of her subject, but her treatment reveals that sympathetic insight that invests literary criticism with a seductive charm as pleasing as it is rare in our haste-harassed age.

The second half of the book is devoted to masterpieces of elegiac verse, from the dawn of historic times down to the first quarter of the eighteenth century. Something of the wide field from which the author has selected her verse and the rich sources from which she has drawn may be inferred from the fact that among the selections one meets in this volume are elegies from the *Rig Veda*, from Homer, Sappho, Kallistratos, Sophocles, Plato, Ovid, Dante, Petrarch, Chaucer, Michaelangelo, Tasso, Philip Sidney, Edmund Spenser, Walter Raleigh, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Robert Herrick, John Milton, and John Dryden. There are about one hundred and forty of these choice selections, and with the second volume, which is now in preparation and which will contain three hundred pages of the great elegies written since the early part of the eighteenth century, the American public will possess the only collection of elegies to be found in the literature of any people.

This is a work that book-lover and library-builders will prize, both for its content-matter and because it is so fine a specimen of the book-maker's art. The book is fully indexed, printed on all-rag

paper, hand-sewed, substantially bound in cloth with gilt top,—a most suitable setting for an important work which will charm and hold the interest of thoughtful and cultured minds.

**FROM AGNOSTICISM TO THEISM.** By Charles F. Dole.  
Cloth. Pp. 30. Price, thirty cents. Boston: James H. West Company.

THIS is the best short argument addressed to agnostics in favor of theism that we have read. Mr. Dole is nothing if not rationalistic in his methods. At the outset he discards the childhood idea of Deity as being a magnified specimen of an Oriental potentate, but on the other hand he is a firm believer in the new-old concept which holds that God is ever-present throughout the universe; that the universe is, indeed, a mighty conscious entity, in which the moral order or spiritual verities is so apparent as to prove it to be spiritual rather than merely mechanical, as Haeckel and other great thinkers hold. This concept of Deity, which is so rapidly gaining a hold upon the mind of western civilization, is of course not new, being very similar to the ancient Indian concept whose origin is shrouded in antiquity. Mr. Dole's reasoning is very clear and convincing. His language is simple and impressive. All can readily understand his terminology. Yet the composition no less than the close, logical handling of the great theme, speaks of ripe scholarship; while the spirit of fairness and the innate love of truth, which are present throughout his argument, will captivate the reader.

In closing his argument the author introduces a little parable in which a tiny vein in a man's hand is supposed to possess consciousness. It is a decidedly agnostic vein, and because it cannot see the mighty conscious organism of which it is an infinitesimal part in its entirety, it doubts and denies the existence of such an entity. The parable is admirably told and forms a happy illustrative climax to the argument.

This book should be widely circulated among thoughtful agnostics.

**THE WAY TO THE WEST.** By Emerson Hough. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 446. Price, \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

MR. HOUGH has given us an excellent contribution to the stirring history of pioneer days. His style is finished and well calculated to hold the reader's interest even though he be a lover of fiction and a despiser of conventional history, and yet the book possesses the merit of being at once historically accurate and for the most part philosophically sound. In the opening chapters, the author discourses in a most interesting and suggestive manner on "The American Axe," "The Rifle" and "The Birch-bark Canoe," and shows how they were the instruments that made the march of our civilization westward possible under the then-existing conditions. He points out the fact that the South and not the North was the pioneer in pushing westward; that Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas, sent the heroes of the early days beyond the mountains to establish settlements and lay the foundation for our future greatness in the Mississippi Valley. No easy task was it that confronted those sturdy heroes who pushed forth, knowing full well that they would have to fight inch by inch one of the most cunning, powerful and relentless foes that was ever encountered by pioneers. The connected story of the march of civilization westward from the days when the sturdy settlers in Western North Carolina pushed their way across the mountains to the hour when the railroads bound the Atlantic and the Pacific together has probably never been better told in the compass of a single volume than is here related. Undoubtedly, the three chapters that will hold special interest for the younger readers are those dealing with the lives of Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett and Kit Carson. These very famous, picturesque and really heroic characters are described after the manner of the historian rather than that of the biographer who comes into sympathetic rapport with his hero and makes him live again in his glowing portrayal. But what is lost in this respect, is made up in other ways, especially in the clearing away of many mistakes and misapprehensions relating to these frontier knights of the

axe and gun, and the summary disposal of certain wonder stories found in biographies whose authors possessed a penchant for romancing.

In the last two chapters Mr. Hough makes many thoughtful and suggestive observations which are as timely as they are disquieting. We are glad to see that many of the more virile young writers are coming to appreciate the fact that we are in the midst of a portentous crisis which tends to utterly destroy the old republic and in its place establish an intolerable despotism of class-rulership, which though it may be unlike in form, will be similar in spirit to those that have blighted and blasted other nations in all periods. That our author realizes this fact may be gathered from the following lines:

"So much for the accomplishments of the Age of Transportation. It has already shown us the meaning of monopoly and has shown us the abolishment of the individual. It has taught us, or some of us, to believe that the establishment of an expensive university may serve as emendative of an unpopular personal career. It has taught us, or some of us, obsequiously to worship that form of wealth that soothes its conscience by the building of public libraries. Whether or not learning best grows and flourishes that has such foundation-heads, library and university alike must to-day admit their impotence to answer the cry of the leader, 'Give me back my Americans!'

"The America of to-day is an America utterly and absolutely changed from the principles whereon our original America was founded, and wherefrom it grew and flourished. Never was there any corner of Europe, before the days of those revolutions that put down kings, worse than some parts of oppressed America to-day. It is not too late for revolution in America. There is not justice in the belief that America can to-day be called the land of the free. The individual is no more. He perished somewhere on those heights we have seen him laboriously ascending, somewhere on those long rivers we have seen him tracing. He died in the day of Across the Waters."

We have become *par excellence* the people of castes and grades and classes. The whole theory of America was that here there was hope for the individual; that here he might grow, might prevail. It is degradation to abandon that theory.



The author is opposed to socialism, doubtless largely because he little understands its essence and is swayed as are most people by prejudice born of misrepresentation on the part of the opposition and partial and imperfect presentations by its advocates. He evidently fears a military or bureaucratic socialism, such as all true Americans would oppose, but with direct legislation and proportional representation in full operation, the fundamental ideals and principles of democracy would not only be conserved, but the ideal of liberty, fraternity and freedom would be realized as it can only be realized where we have economic, as well as political equality, or that equality of opportunities and of rights which must be the foundation upon which any true republic exists.

**HER INFINITE VARIETY.** By Brand Whitlock. Illustrated.

Cloth. Pp. 168. Price, \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THIS is a well-written story of a man and two women. It is a charming time-killer for those who have time to thus kill; but we cannot recommend it to thoughtful people who "see things as they are" and who appreciate that life is real and earnest. It deals with a rich and successful young man possessing oratorical ability, who is elected to the Illinois Senate as a partisan, and therefore who soon becomes one of the cogs in the wheel which of late years has supplanted popular government in various commonwealths, and which makes or defeats laws and measures—the machine, which is the all-powerful tool of modern plutocracy, the corruptor of statesmanship and the debaucher of the electorate and the press.

The young statesman, who is engaged to a rich society girl in Chicago, becomes suddenly smitten with the charms of a stylish Chicago lawyer, Maria Burleigh Green by name, who is at Springfield lobbying for a woman's suffrage bill. He becomes the legislative knight for the cause and makes a spread-eagle speech in favor of the measure, which, contrary to the present temper of legislative bodies, carries the Senate by storm. The bill, however, is to come up for final action the following week. On the morning of the day

set for the voting, the young statesman's *fiancée*, chaperoned by a society leader, and other ultra-society women appear on the scene to kill the bill; and the youthful statesman finds himself between two fires. Through the artful manœuvres of the wire-pulling society leader he is detained from the Senate until the measure is voted on and defeated. The affronted *fiancée* forgives the wayward and over-sensitive lover, and in this way the story ends happily. There are some fine satirical touches in the book, and incidentally effective sidelights are thrown on the present shallow shams, insincerity and essential dishonesty to which our politics, through the mastery of money, has been brought in various commonwealths, but this treatment is so superficial that it will have little value in arresting the reader's attention. The author has evidently intended to write a book merely to amuse or entertain his readers, and in this respect he has succeeded.

The richness and elegance of the make-up of the volume merit a much better work. The type is large and fair; the pages are ornamented; and there are several exceptionally fine photogravure illustrations from drawings by Christy.

**THE STORY OF A LABOR AGITATOR.** By Joseph R. Buchanan. Cloth. Pp. 462. Price, \$1.25 net. New York: The Outlook Company.

THIS work, which is autobiographical in character, covers a period of ten strenuous years in the life of one of the most sane and thoughtful leaders in the Trades-Union movement in America. Mr. Buchanan is above all else a man of conscience. He has a deep love for justice and possesses a much broader range of vision than that which characterizes many labor leaders and agitators. As a writer he possesses a charm of style and expression rare among those who discuss the cause of the manual laborers and which makes the volume, quite apart from its interest as a sympathetic presentation of the struggles of the toilers, most delightful reading.

There seems to be at the present time a systematic attempt being

waged throughout a large portion of the daily press and certain periodicals for the purpose of unduly prejudicing the general readers against Trades-Unions; and every exhibition of narrowness, of bigotry, of intolerance, injustice and lawlessness for which Trades-Unionism is directly or indirectly responsible, is enlarged upon in a systematic attempt to discredit unionism. Now while it is doubtless true that the trades organizations are frequently very narrow and intolerant in spirit, that they are at times despotic and unreasonable, that they are frequently short-sighted, and that at times they are goaded on to acts which necessarily militate against them, it is, we think, equally true that corporate and predatory wealth, which by virtue of united action and hard and fast bargaining with politicians has been enabled to enjoy special privileges on the one hand and to place the minions of corporate wealth in power on the other, has been guilty of a hundred-fold more injustice since the famous Homestead strike than can be justly credited to labor unions; and the peril of unionism to free institutions, which seems to concern plutocracy so much at the present time, is infinitesimal compared with the overshadowing peril of corporate and predatory wealth. In Mr. Buchanan's book the lawlessness and despicable tactics employed by corporate wealth in special instances which have come under his personal observation, are luminously dwelt upon. Yet the high-handed outrages of which he speaks were anterior to the more modern exhibitions of anarchy in high places. The outrages of which he speaks pale into insignificance when compared with the recent acts in Colorado and those which have marked the history of the last few years in Pennsylvania and West Virginia.

Not the least interesting part of Mr. Buchanan's work is that in which he describes the treatment accorded him by a large number of those within the ranks of the toilers because he failed to see the truth exactly as they saw it, or believed in a line of work that in method differed from what others advocated. No loyal friend of labor or of social and economic justice has escaped this kind of persecution. The dogmatic, narrow and bigoted spirit, it often seems to us, is nowhere so rampant as among the toilers and the

leaders of reform movements; and those who would be loyal to the fundamental principles of justice, freedom and fraternity must expect to be continually misrepresented, misunderstood and often hounded by those for whom they are laboring.

This volume is in our judgment one of the most interesting and valuable works of its class that has appeared in recent years.

**THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN EGO.** By Dr. Charles Kirkland Wheeler. Cloth. Pp. 116. Price, \$1 net. Published by the author, 9 Park square, Boston, Mass.

THE AUTHOR of this work, Dr. Charles Kirkland Wheeler, is a Harvard graduate and a thinker whose mind has great aptitude for abstract problems and metaphysical concepts. The present volume is an effort "to prove that we are not self-conscious, nor even conscious, much as we confidently and cheerily think we are." We are inclined to think that the treatise will prove too abstract and recondite for most readers of *THE ARENA*. In the present age of rapid living, quick and oftentimes very superficial reasoning, and the dominance of the utilitarian spirit, a volume of this character will prove less attractive than in more deliberate and speculative periods. The book is divided into nine chapters, in which the author treats of such subjects as "What is Consciousness?" "The Illusion of My Being Self-Conscious or even Conscious," "Consciousness not Self-Conscious," "Self-Consciousness only an Appearance," "Self-Consciousness only an Idea," "We Ourselves only an Idea," "The World Within like that Without," and "The Insanity of Man."

The following extract from the last-mentioned chapter will afford an illustration of the author's thought and method of expression:

"As to the fact of man's insanity, doubtless Shakespeare did not in his time want in what he observed in men's thought and conduct, and no more does the present writer in his, for the most ample evidence of it; evidence which if met with in only the *few* instead of the *mass* of mankind, as it is, would be all-sufficient in the judg-

ment of any reputable alienist to commit the subjects of it to an insane asylum forthwith. In other words, such few are only saved, this moment, from the madhouse in that their affliction is the affliction of all mankind.

"When the head of a great nation with that great nation itself and even the church back of him, his accomplices in the crime, affects to murder *of right* fifty thousand even Christian human beings guilty of no crime but of wanting their liberty, and all for gain, as is only what (murder for gain) any highwayman or pirate does—is there no insanity in it? Or, when men of repute for extraordinary intellect and moral worth, perhaps of the measure of Jonathan Edwards, can believe that a *beneficent and just* Deity could pave a hell with infants' skulls—is there nothing of insanity in mind that can but see those most contradictory things as hanging together? Then consider that a thousand volumes of a thousand pages each could be filled to overflowing with the like incongruous in the thought and conduct of men;—and, yet, no insanity in man—man as man?—"!

GEORGE WASHINGTON JONES. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 174. Price, \$1. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company.

THIS tale of a little southern negro is one of the best child's stories of recent years. It is true at once to life in general and to negro life in particular. The hero is a poor little colored orphan, the grandson of a negro who was footman to a beautiful and gracious southern belle of the olden days. In his life he had often told little George Washington how he had been given, when a very small boy, to his little "Mistis," the beautiful daughter of a rich white planter, as a Christmas gift; how he waited on her through her all-too-brief life; how she treated him kindly; and how he lived at the great house and wore brave livery. This grandfather had been a great believer in the "quality folks" of the old days, and he described with sadness the ruthless changes that followed when the war came on and his old master was bereft of his fortune. He had, however, given the negro a little start, so that he might preach to his people, which he did until overtaken with consumption.

With no father and mother, little George had lived with his grandfather, but the time came when the old man died, and a poor negro family took the little boy for two or three days, till something could be done for him. The old negress who thus sheltered the waif, however, had been faithful to President Roosevelt's ideal, as was attested by her numerous progeny. Christmas came, and little George was not remembered. Tears came to the child's eyes amid the joy of the other children over the things which Santa Claus had brought them. George thereupon determined to be a Christmas gift himself, and all day long he proffered himself to quality white folks without success. Finally a big-hearted negro woman, named Sarah, took the little wanderer in. She had lost a boy about his age, and her mother-heart went out in love to the little orphan. Very beautiful is the picture of the simple life in this cabin. But the boy feels the call to seek for a mistress among the "quality white folks." He finally obtains a situation in the home of the daughter of his grandfather's mistress, where he becomes a welcome and loved servant. Sarah also is induced to take up her home on the palatial estate, and the two live in comparative affluence.

It is a delightful story and merits wide circulation.

**ESARHADDON AND OTHER TALES.** By Leo Tolstoi. Cloth. Pp. 64. Price, 40 cents net. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

"ESARHADDON" is the title of a dainty little volume containing three short allegorical and legendary tales, all emphasising Count Tolstoi's convictions on the unity and solidarity of life and the iniquity of resisting evil. The book has been written and published for the benefit of the Kishineff sufferers, and all receipts from its sale will be devoted to that worthy cause. Of the three little stories that constitute the volume, the last impresses us as being of special merit. In it a king seeks to find the true answer to the questions: What time must one use and not neglect, lest he repent it? Who are the people one most needs, and therefore to whom should



one pay most attention? What affairs are most important and should be first attended to? The story is ingeniously told, and in the end the king has brought to his consciousness in a very striking manner the answers through a wise hermit to whom he has appealed, which are: (1) Now. (2) He with whom you are. (3) To do good.

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### BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Literary and Vocal Interpretation of the Bible." By S. S. Curry. Cloth, 384 pp. Price, \$1.50 net. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"The Indians of the Painted Desert Region." By George Wharton James. Illustrated. Cloth. 268 pp. Price, \$2.00 net. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

"Troubadour Tales." By Evaleen Stein. Illustrated. Cloth, 166 pp. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"The Songs of the Trees, Picture Rhymes and Tree Biographies." By Mary Y. Robinson. Illustrated in colors. 126 pp. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"The Magical Monarch of Mo and His People." By L. Frank Baum. Illustrated in color. Cloth, 238 pp. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"The New Wizard of Oz." By L. Frank Baum. Illustrated in colors. Cloth, 260 pp. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"The Enchanted Island of Yew." By L. Frank Baum. Illustrated in colors. Cloth, 242 pp. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"Dramana." By Anna Arlington Tyson. Cloth, 270 pp. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Company.

"Half-a-Dozen Housekeepers." By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Cloth, 162 pp. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

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### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

SINCE our last issue went to press, *THE ARENA* has been purchased by Mr. Albert Brandt, well known to many of our readers as the publisher of the justly-famous "Brandt books." Under the new management I again become the sole editor of this magazine, of which, as many of our readers know, I was the sole editor from its foundation until the latter part of 1896. At the time when I left *THE ARENA* it had reached a circulation greater than that of any other high-priced original review of opinion published in this country, with one exception; and it is my confident belief that the old friends of this review will again rally to its support as they did in the old days, when from the Atlantic to the Pacific the great *ARENA* family was enthusiastically engaged in extending the circulation and influence of the magazine they had learned to believe in and to love.

A number of very important improvements will mark early numbers, among which will be (1) a marked increase in the amount of reading matter which our readers will enjoy from month to month; (2) the introduction of handsome frontispiece portraits. And it is our purpose to begin with the next volume a series of editorial epitomes of the leading political, social and economic events, scientific discoveries and inventive triumphs, as well as forward movements in literature, art, music and the drama as they occur from month to month.

Those of our readers who are acquainted with the books made by Mr. Brandt need not be told that ere-long *THE ARENA* will show a marked improvement in its typography and general mechanical make-up. It will be the aim of both publisher and editor to make *THE ARENA* all and more than it was in the early nineties, when it was everywhere recognized as one of the great conscience-forces in the English-speaking world.

It is pleasant once more to return to the editorial management of the magazine to whose building-up and well-being I have given some of the best years of my life. I would it were in my power to extend a hand of greeting to all the old friends and supporters of this review; but though that is impossible, I wish to say that I shall esteem it a personal favor to receive letters from any of the "old guard," as well as from new friends who have learned to care for this review. Let me hear from you with words of counsel, suggestion and frank criticism. In no way can civilization be so rapidly advanced as by sincere, justice-loving men and women counselling together and co-operating in rational efforts for human betterment.

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**MAYOR HEAD'S MASTERLY DISCUSSION OF MUNICIPAL CONSTRUCTION *VERSUS* THE CONTRACT SYSTEM:** We wish to call the special attention of all our readers to the exceptionally strong, lucid and convincing discussion on "Municipal Construction *versus* the Contract System," presented in this issue of *THE ARENA*. The thought here given was elucidated more at length by Mayor Head in a noteworthy address delivered before the last meeting of the League of American Municipalities. Mr. Head is the president of the Tennessee State Industrial Schools, the Mayor of Nashville, member of the National Democratic Committee for Tennessee, and president of the League of American Municipalities. In the presentation of this question as given in this issue our readers will find one of the clearest and most statesman-like arguments that has yet been presented in favor of this phase of the modern progressive democracy's "Programme of Progress."

**THE WAR IN THE EAST:** In Professor Maxey's thoughtful analysis of the present war situation and the probable factors entering into the struggle our readers will find an interesting exposition of the conclusions of one of the closest students of modern diplomatic and state issues who is not actually employed in statescraft. Events move so rapidly in modern warfare, however, that the situation as

it appears at the present writing, February eighteenth, may be entirely changed before the last week in March, when *THE ARENA* for April is issued. But if Secretary Hay's seemingly wise diplomatic move proves successful, the danger of China being drawn into the conflict will be greatly minified. We are by no means certain that Japan would be the gainer if China cast her lot with the island empire, as the Chinese are of doubtful value as soldiers, and immediately after the Celestial Empire should declare against Russia, the Slav would unquestionably pounce upon Peking and other Chinese cities, making them the bases of supplies. To-day the greatest source of Russia's weakness lies in the remote position of her chief base of supplies. While if France and England joined in the conflict, the probabilities are that Germany would throw her influence with Russia, on condition that the Slav should guarantee her a large slice of China and assist in destroying or lessening the prestige of England in the Orient.

**FOR A PARLIAMENT OF THE WORLD:** While the war mania holds civilization in its thrall, superficial thinkers are heard sneering on all sides at the dream of universal peace and world-federation; and yet, as we pointed out last month, there never has been a decade before that has witnessed so much practical and fundamental work accomplished for the cause of the people as the past ten years. We believe that the mighty undercurrent making for the ideal of peace and brotherhood will before long be found to be a veritable ground-swell of civilization-wide proportions. Along the line of movements looking toward universal peace and the triumph of the principles of the Golden Rule, the measure originated at Boston, unanimously recommended by the Massachusetts Legislature, and which has recently been ably presented to the Congress of the United States, calls for more than passing notice. It is a profoundly significant movement, and in Mr. Bridgman's thoughtful paper our readers will find a clear and statesman-like discussion of the new movement which we trust will ere long result in a world-wide or international parliament.

MR. MALLOY'S CRITICAL EXPOSITION OF "THE SPHINX": We desire to call the special attention of our readers to the installment of Mr. Malloy's exposition of the "The Sphinx" in this issue. It is safe to say that this profound philosophical poem, dealing with the master problem—

"The fate of the man-child,  
The meaning of man"—

has never before been discussed with anything like such power, luminosity, or completeness as in the four splendid papers that will constitute this exposition. The present paper is the third in the series, and the May number will witness the conclusion of the discussion. It is an exposition which no thoughtful American should be ignorant of. Our readers are to be congratulated upon enjoying the privilege of following the greatest of all masters in the interpretation of the poetry of Emerson while he discusses the poem which has always seemed to us the master-message of the great ethical philosopher.

AN EMINENT JURIST ON PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT:

In this issue of the *THE ARENA* the veteran Republican jurist and author, Judge Samuel C. Parks, whose long and honored service on the Supreme Benches of New Mexico, Idaho and Wyoming, no less than his masterly work entitled *The Great Trial of the Nineteenth Century*, has won the highest regard of all Lincoln Republicans, considers President Roosevelt from the view-point of a jurist who believes in the Declaration of Independence. Judge Parks' words, coming as they do from a life-long Republican and a man who enjoyed the intimate personal friendship of President Lincoln, cannot fail to challenge the serious consideration of thoughtful voters.

THE DIVINE FOREHEAD-MARK: Professor John Ward Stimson always pitches his thought on a high spiritual key. His writings are ever instinct with moral virility, and are therefore of real value to those who would follow the Divine leadings and be

loyal to the august voice of Conscience. In the paper which we present this month the profound author of *The Gate Beautiful* takes us back to the prophets of ancient Israel—those mortal Titans whose lofty thoughts have fired the heart and nerved and stimulated the brain of the apostles of religious and social advance in all ages.

**THE HEART SIDE OF DEITY:** The concept of Deity as an all-pervasive conscious entity whose supreme manifestation is Love is rapidly supplanting the older idea of a Deity who was a magnified man. In a brief paper in this issue Mrs. Hagaman discusses the newer concept which is gaining so many adherents among religious people.

**"THE LIGHT OF LIBERTY":** In her story this month Miss Dromgoole gives us a glimpse of humble life among the poor and unlettered white citizens of her native state. The tale deals with a tragedy and its grim aftermath. A life is taken; a life-sentence is given. And here, as in most similar circumstances, the effect of the punishment bears well-nigh as heavily upon the innocent as the guilty. In this instance all ends in the sunlight—the "light of liberty" for the imprisoned one. Though this story is not nearly so strong or dramatic as the powerful tale dealing with the negro boy, Jim, which we published last month, it affords another pleasing illustration of Miss Dromgoole's remarkable versatility.